



## LOOKING FORWARD

DISREGARDING the fact that you cannot enforce any law which the majority of the nation considers morally wrong, the prohibition demagogue usually finds it convenient at some point or other to fall back on the over-worked phrase, "Keep the liquor traffic outlawed." Dishonestly pretending that all who desire to find some way out of the present dangerous situation are merely trying to bring back the saloon, this same brand of prohibitionist hopes to prolong the status quo indefinitely.

FACED WITH the fact that this status quo is one of the most destructive and dangerous conditions of society yet experienced by this nation, he asserts that any one seeking to alter it is an enemy of God and Country, of Flag and Constitution—and the rest of the bunkum familiar to us all. Whereupon he returns to his favorite slogan, "Keep the liquor traffic outlawed."

WELL, IN THIS ISSUE, we print the actual story of one man who, just before he was murdered, told to one of our contributors, Mr. Darwin Teilhet of San Francisco, the truth about his own life in this "outlawed traffic." Needless to say, the story was not solicited by us. Mr. Teilhet had the fortune to secure the confidences of the author, a bootlegger, as he lay wounded in a hospital. Mr. Teilhet wrote it down, verified as many of the details as possible, and sent it to us. Before we could print it, the bootlegger was again shot down, and this time killed—for reasons which are obvious once the story is read.

NO FAIR-MINDED MAN, in our opinion, can read the story without becoming convinced that—no matter how much he may wish it were otherwise—to continue prohibition is to infect all American character and society with a loathsome cancer which will finally eat away the heart of our ideals and our political institutions. Mr. Teilhet is a well known advertising man, who recently moved to San Francisco.

*Francis Rufus Bellamy*

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# OUTLOOK

*and Independent*



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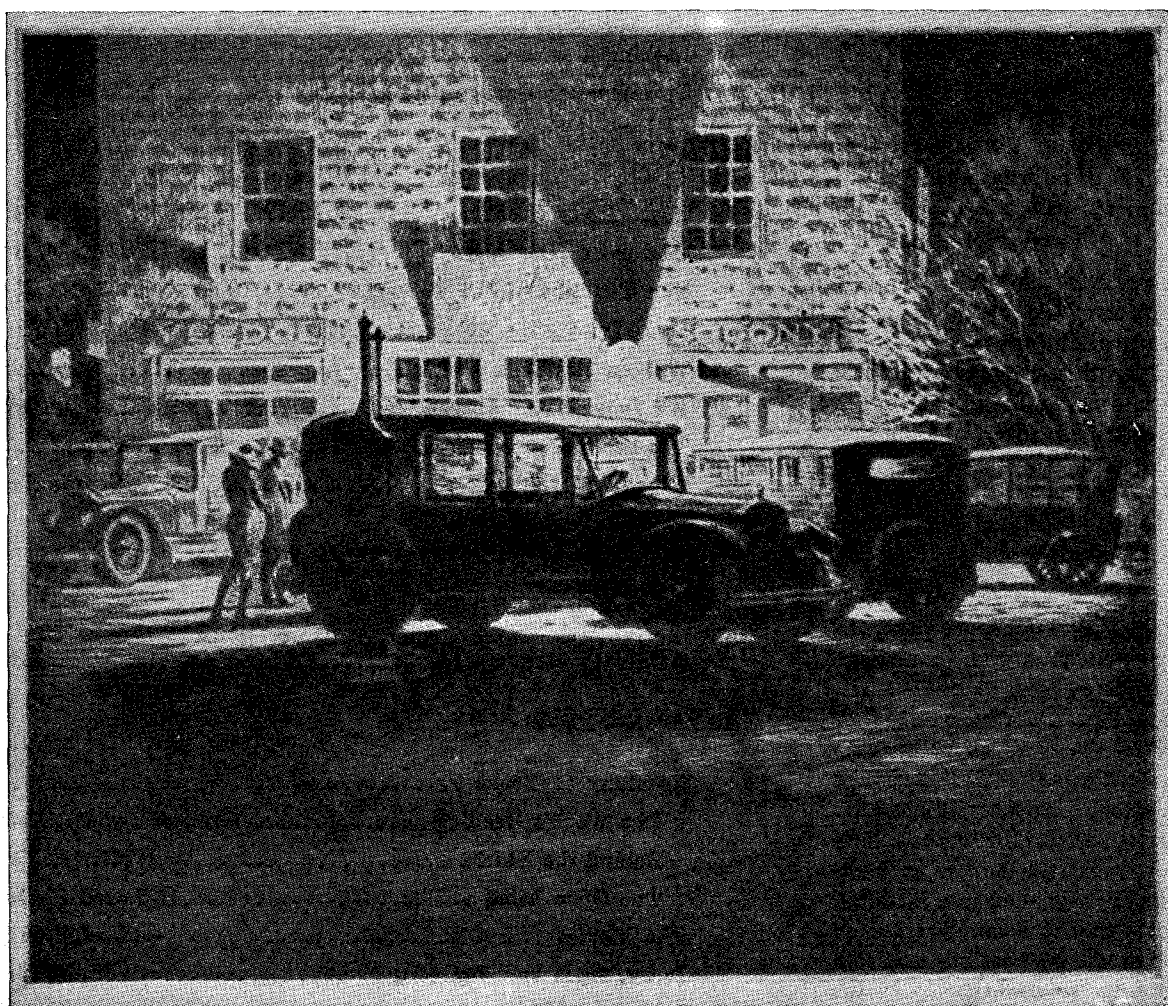
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Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

***GARAGE AT NIGHT***  
*Etching by Martin Lewis*

# OUTLOOK

*and Independent*

June 11, 1930

## ▶▶ Those Dirty Crooks ◀◀

### *A Bootlegger Explains His Retirement*

By JACK KNOWLES

I'M THROUGH with bootlegging because there isn't any money in it—or at least enough money to pay for the risks. I have been making about a thousand dollars a month for the past two years, in the retail business. I've got a fine trade and a fine bunch of customers but when you figure how much

I have to pay out, and what a couple of convictions would do to the little I have stuck away in the bank, it doesn't sound as soft as you might think.

Some months I'll even knock down more than a thousand. Last August and September I made nearly five thousand dollars for the two months. But, like a fool, I thought I could keep it up so I stopped work for a week and went to Los Angeles and lost it all and came back owing nearly six hundred dollars. Then when the market went cockeyed for about a month you couldn't get anybody to buy anything but gin or plain alcohol. The big money is in the fancy stuff that they think comes in from over the border—like Scotch, or real rye, by the case, or champagne, or some of the swell French wines.

I can get \$10 for a bottle of Benedictine or Crème de Cacao, or \$7 or \$8 for a bottle of good Scotch—sometimes during Christmas even as high as \$12 and make at least sixty per cent on every bottle. Well, when the market went haywire, do you think any one would buy that? No. They wanted gin or something cheaper. We cut down the alcohol we used with the gin and made a little that way, but it didn't near begin to make up for what we lost because of lack of business. During November and De-

*Three weeks after this story had been completed Jack Knowles—the name is fictitious—was shot to death. Darwin Teilhet who is copy chief on the Pacific coast for a nationally known advertising agency had persuaded Knowles to explain why he intended to retire from bootlegging. The latter part of the story was dictated from a hospital cot, after an earlier attempt to kill Knowles failed*

cember I hardly made \$500 myself.

I was screwy to get into the business in the first place. I've been working the racket now for about eight years. I first got into it when I got out of high school because I thought there was so much money to be made. I did make pretty good money for a kid, I'll admit, but I never kept it long. Two hundred or three hundred dollars a month is pretty sweet when you're only about nineteen or twenty.

I GOT OUT of high school a couple of years after the War. Everything was dead then in Dixon, where I was brought up, so I drifted over to Hopland, near the coast, and got a job as a mechanic in a garage for \$25 a week. I was there about two months. A lot of trucks used to come in through there and we would work on them. It was a nice business; for the fellow who owned the garage. One day somebody honked out in front of the garage and I walked out to see who it was that was making such a fuss. I saw a great, big, red-haired fellow sitting by the wheel. He looked at me and said, "Hey you, what's the idea of taking so long?"

I started to tell him if he didn't like it he could go hang when I looked again and thought something in his face was

familiar. I said, "Aren't you Red Nordhoff? Didn't you used to live in Dixon?"

He squinted his eyes at me and said, "What's it to you—say I know you! If it isn't Jack Knowles!" Then he jumped down off the truck and we shook each other's hands. I had known Red at the Dixon High School. We used to play football together. I never got above the scrub-team, but he made the first team in his sophomore year.

There was a little yellow-haired girl named Betty Parker that he used to go around with. He was a year or so older than I was. Sometimes we would have double dates and Betty would get some friend of hers for me. Then we would take the front seat and she and Red would sit in the back seat and we would drive out to Winters or Davisville and dance. Once we went to Sacramento, but my folks got so sore when I came in next morning I didn't dare do it again while I was staying with them.

Red got in some trouble with Betty and had to leave at the end of his sophomore year. It was tough on Red because he would have made all-state half-back next year if Betty hadn't told on him. She went out with other fellows and they were probably just as much at fault as Red. She was sore at him because he wouldn't marry her, so Red had to get out of town when the kid came.

Red said he was awful glad to see me and I said I was glad to see him. I asked him what he was doing and he said he was driving trucks for a fellow from the coast down to Lytton, just outside of Santa Rosa. He was living at Moody

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Springfield, Missouri

up in the northern end of the state.

I used to see him then every week or so. About two months later he told me that he was taking a couple of days off. So he stayed with me Saturday and Sunday and we went out on a couple of dates. Monday I overslept and didn't get up to the garage until two in the afternoon, so Anceles, the owner, fired me. I went back to the rooming house and woke Red up.

"What am I going to do now?" I asked. "I hate to go back to Dixon and I haven't saved any money."

Red always seemed to have lots of money and I thought I could hit him for enough to get to San Francisco where my cousin lived. He always said if I would come there he could get me a job with the water company reading meters.

"How would you like to do what I'm doing?" Red finally asked, after thinking a few minutes.

"It looks like a snap," I said. "How much do you get?"

He looked at me kind of funny and then got out of bed and went over to the washstand and washed his face. Then he started dressing. I waited while he tied up his shoes. He had some expensive clothes that he brought along in a shiny, new satchel.

"How about a drink?" he said, after waiting a little bit.

"Sure," I said. Since I had left Dixon we all used to drop around at Joe's place after supper and drink a bottle of gin. "But how much do you get driving the truck?" I asked.

Red took out a new bottle to me—I didn't know then, but it was Canada Whiskey. I tried a glass and he had one.

"How do you like that?" he asked.

"That's good," I said. They must be paying you plenty if you can buy stuff like that."

"I get that free."

"Yeah? They gave me diamond rings at my job."

"No—I mean it, Jack," he said. "I can get all I want."

I began to understand what he meant. "Then you don't always carry vegetables in that truck of yours?"

"I get \$250 a month for doing it. What do I care what I carry?"

That decided me.

I went back with Red to a place on the coast about six miles from Moody.

We drove up to a farm house, that overlooked the ocean, in Red's truck. He had parked it in Moody. The farm house was about half a mile from a little, sandy cove which was protected by a long, rocky, jutting point. Standing on the knoll, where the house was built, you could see clear out over the Pacific. It seems funny, I being born so near the ocean, but it was the first time I had ever seen it. I remember standing out on the grass, listening to the wind whistle, and seeing two little, smoky specks out on the shiny water. The sea wasn't at all what I expected it to be.



Illustrations by William Gropper from Jim Tully's "Shadows of Men" by courtesy of the publishers, Doubleday, Doran and Co.

There weren't hardly any waves to speak of. I was pretty green then. I guess I expected to see waves as high as the state capitol.

Red pulled me by the coat. "Come on in. Don't act like you're afraid or they won't take you on. There's no danger. They've got everything greased now. It's just like any other big business."

HE OPENED the door and walked right in without knocking. There was no one in the room so he called out "Josephine," and a big, broad-shouldered woman came in, wiping her hands on a dish towel.

If she hadn't been so tall she would have been good-looking, with her black eyes, black hair and white skin. She saw Red and dropped her apron. "Well, you finally got back—" she said. Then she saw me standing behind him. "Who's your friend?"

He walked over to where she was standing. "He's all right. He's Jack Knowles, my best friend. Is Harry here?"

"He won't be back for half an hour."

About an hour later a big Cadillac drove up the driveway. We were sitting

out on the porch. Josephine was inside cooking supper. There were four men in the car. There was a great big Polack driving, named Casey. He made a couple of night runs with me later on, and I knew him pretty well before Harry pushed him overboard.

The two fellows in the back seat stepped out of the car and after waving to Red walked around in back to the barn. It was the little fellow that interested me. He came up the steps and Red introduced me to him, and said I wanted a job. Harry had a grey face that always looked like he had just got

up from a two weeks' bat. He had great big circles under his eyes, and deep lines running from under his eyes through his cheeks. He was queer looking, all right, and I didn't like him so very well. But I stuck out my hand. His hand was leathery and dry. I let go after he gave mine a shake.

He went into the living room and started talking things over. He brought out some Scotch and some glasses. He gave Josephine hell because they were dirty. I told him I was a good mechanic and knew all the northern California roads. Red said that I was O. K. Harry said he would think it over and let me know. He took Red off to one side and talked with him. Then they went out. Red told me that Harry had to see his partner before he could let me know.

I slept in the attic room that night. They locked the door on me, but I could see out of my little window flashes and lights away down by the beach. Trucks rumbled up the driveway under me. Voices of men running back and forth from the barn to the beach reached my ears.

The next day Harry said that he would start me. Harry and another fellow who lived in San Rafael were working in real Canadian whiskey and Scotch to the big city and along the peninsula. It was in the days before everything was organized as well as it is now. They had their landing place where the boats would come in from Canada. At first they had it along Half Moon Bay, right near the city, but the Federal authorities gave them so much trouble, they moved up north where no one would ever think of looking.

The farm was half hidden, near the

Redwoods, and they had a couple of Mexicans working on it. Harry and his partner were on their own. They sold their stuff to bootleggers in the city. They weren't organized with any other gang and were pretty small. I don't think they had over eight of us working for them at the most. They would get in a new shipment about once or twice a month. They had a man up at Victoria who would write them when the ship would come in and where it would land.

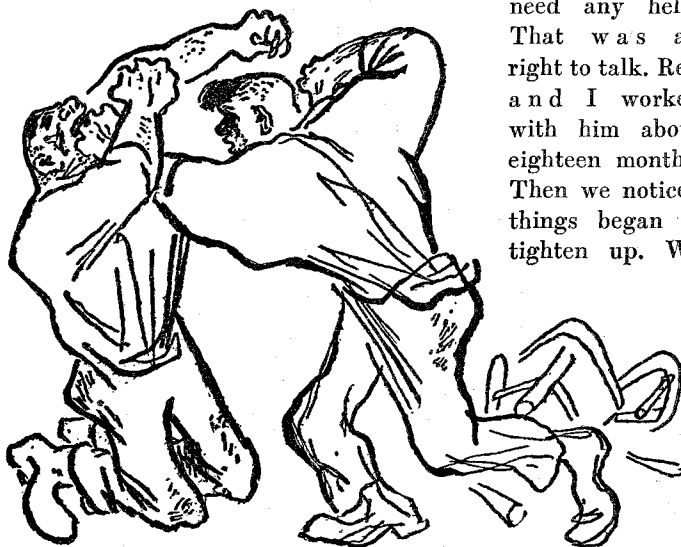
Red had a new Mack truck. My Reo was smaller—but about twice as fast—for which I was thankful later because it kept me ahead of him. Casimir, or Casey, the big Polack, had an old Federal which they used when we couldn't carry the whole load in our trucks. Casey had been driving the Reo, but he wasn't much good. Red praised me so much that Harry took Casey off the Reo. Casey was big and strong, though, and came in handy. I've seen him bend down and lift two small barrels of beer without even grunting.

Harry was the most active man I have ever seen. He superintended the unloading. Paid the Captain. Then he would get into his Cadillac and drive down the highway a day before we made the trip to see if everything was all right. He always carried those two big Italians with him, if he got in trouble. They weren't very good shots. I used to watch them practising behind the bar. They were so dumb they would do whatever he told them to do. Anyway, as Harry used to tell us, when a man is only a few feet away from you, you don't have to be a good shot.

I STARTED in for \$200 a month. We should have had a lot more. Since then, I've known that Harry was playing us all for suckers. For about a year he was pulling in nearly fifteen thousand a month clear. He was supposed to split that with his partner, but I guess he didn't or they wouldn't have bumped him off, like they did. About a year after Red and I quit, they gave it to him right on his front porch. That was when some of the big boys started to organize

things. If Harry had only played square he wouldn't have got it. He was a crook, though. He should have paid us \$500 a month for riding the trucks.

He was so mean he wouldn't even hire a gun to go along with us. He said that he had everything fixed and we didn't need any help. That was all right to talk. Red and I worked with him about eighteen months. Then we noticed things began to tighten up. We



were stopped more often and had to telephone Harry to come down with some cash to get us through. The town police kept asking for more and more of the money. Harry could hardly keep them greased for over one trip at a time. People were beginning to get wise to the money that could be made in the bootleg racket. More people started drinking. Our trade increased.

Once down past Petaluma, about three o'clock in the morning just as I was turning around a corner, I saw an auto's lights parked in the middle of the road. I slowed down and yelled for them to get out of the road. Before I knew what happened, a great big gorilla climbed up the running board and shoved a gun in my stomach. A couple more ran up in front. They told me they would give it to me if I opened my mouth.

They threw me out into the side of the road. Then they took the truck and the auto and went on down the road, leaving me there. That was the first time I was ever hi-jacked. I got up and walked back towards Bloomfield where I was expecting to see Red's truck coming along almost any minute. I finally

stopped him and he slowed the old Mack down and I told him what happened. I had about \$4,000 worth of stuff in the Reo. He had a good \$12,000 in the Mack; mostly real Canadian whiskey, with some White Horse and Black & White imported from England. It was one of the best loads we had ever carried. I was sick at losing it and wondered what Harry would say.

Red thought a minute in the darkness, then he said: "Listen, Jack, how about taking the Mack over to Sacramento? I know some fellows over there that would take it."

"But Harry—he would—"

"Forget Harry. He's about through anyway. Ever since he dumped Casey in the water. He's lost his nerve. There's real money in this truck and we're chumps not to do it."

We took \$5,000 in cash for the load and the truck. Red took \$3,000 and I, \$2,000. The bunch that bought it from us said they would fix Harry if he ever bothered us about it. Fortunately nothing ever happened because Harry's partner came up about two months later with some gunmen and took Josephine back with him to the city. He left Harry out on the front porch with two holes in his head and one in his stomach. They found him next day with a \$500 bill pinned to his vest to pay for the burial. Somebody swiped the bill and the county had to pay for the burial after all.

BY THIS TIME we had had prohibition long enough for the big shots to get pretty well organized in Sacramento.



They cleaned up a couple of small gangs who were selling cut-priced stuff. They were careless with their alcohol and for a while we had a lot of people dying. That raised a row with the papers so we had to go careful for a month or so.

(Please Turn to Page 234)

## ⇒ Caesar or Napoleon? ⇐

By HIRAM MOTHERWELL

ON May 17 the government of France through its Foreign Minister Aristide Briand, issued an appeal to twenty-six other nations to join in the organization of a "United States of Europe" to guarantee peace, and to promote prosperity through the progressive elimination of customs tariffs. On the same day Premier Mussolini of Italy made a speech in Florence in which he asserted that "words are very fine things but muskets, machine guns, ships, airplanes and cannon are even better."

It was no coincidence that Mussolini made what one French editor termed "the most bellicose peacetime speech of the twentieth century" on the same day Briand made the first official proposal ever issued for the federation of European nations. Mussolini knew the Briand proposal was coming and he knew on which day it was coming. He spoke with definite knowledge that his words would appear on the front pages of all newspapers side by side with Briand's. He knew that the French government was about to make a bold stroke; he determined to counter it with a stroke equally bold. He announced that Italy would build her navy "ton for ton" according to her announced programme, which was one of parity with France.

Two powerful nations here clashed on the front pages of the newspapers, indicating how they will clash on the political field in the years to come. Each revealed its chosen strategy. It was a kind of dress rehearsal of the battle which is sure to come—a battle which for some years will be diplomatic, but which might some day become military and turn into a catastrophe of the first order.

THERE IS a duel here between the two most accomplished diplomats of Europe. Neither Briand nor Mussolini spoke from any momentary impulse. Every word was calculated. Every proposal or threat had been weighed for its probable effect on the political world. It is not a conflict merely between the ideal of peace and the ideal of war. It is a conflict between two nations, two political systems. It is, in fact, a conflict between two dead supermen, Caesar and Napoleon.

Briand, in his proposal, is true to the Napoleonic system. Napoleon foresaw a united Europe under the friendly protection of France, and there was a cer-

tain idealism in his dream. At least, if he had conquered Russia in 1812 he might have created a kind of European empire, with its capital in Paris, which would have preserved peace and promoted prosperity for many decades. It is not possible to say that Napoleon victorious would not have been better for Europe than Napoleon conquered. But any French system of organization is necessarily a continental system: it leaves England very much on the other side of the channel. So long as England is in the foreground, with her navy, her money and her potential army, France cannot permanently organize anything. As Napoleon discovered!

A little more than a century after the collapse of the Napoleonic system in Europe, a situation arose in which France saw the opportunity for repeating her historic rôle. The Treaty of Versailles left central Europe a vacuum, politically speaking, and gave France a ring of relatively strong allies—Yugoslavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and other states—creating a tri-color band across the continent. With her prestige, her diplomacy and her incomparable army, France might again dominate the continent as she did for a few short years under Napoleon. There was only the old difficulty—England. England's policy after the War was definitely anti-French and pro-German. England was up to her old tricks of playing off the weaker nation against the stronger, or, in the classic language of diplomacy, of maintaining the balance of power on the continent. And for the last time, as ever since the days of Elizabeth, England's manipulation of the balance of power was decisive. France was not able entirely to subdue Germany; she was not able entirely to make her client states act under orders. In the League of Nations, France was never able to dominate in important crises, because of England. France's problem was to get England out of the picture, so far as the continent of Europe was concerned.

Now, in the past few years, England has providentially begun to step out of the picture of her own accord. She is more concerned with her colonies and dominions than with Europe. She is deathly afraid of any further commit-

ments on the continent. She has decided that her future welfare lies in friendly agreement with the United States. For the first time in four centuries England is glad to forget about Europe, if only her physical safety can somehow be guaranteed. Such is the definite policy of the present Labor Government.

So France once more has her chance to organize a continental system under French auspices. The League of Nations is too big; England and all sorts of Asiatic and South American nations could vote against her. But a continental sub-League of Nations, most of them under French influence—there is something worth working for!

France, therefore, now proposes the United States of Europe, from which England is virtually excluded, organized within the League and absorbing the commitments of the League, composed of twenty-seven nations most of which are dependent upon French favor for their prosperity and security. Napoleon speaks again after a century.

THERE ARE two special reasons why Briand would be glad to organize the United States of Europe, or some similar federation. One is America. The other is Italy.

The American tariff is the great emotional urge to European federation. Dozens of authoritative quotations could be adduced to prove this. Europe is resentful of American prosperity, of America's ability to make better and cheaper goods than Europe can make, and to sell them in the European market. Europe has at last come to understand that this is primarily because the forty-eight states of the American federation have no tariff barriers against each other, and hence enjoy an incomparable internal market; whereas Europe has recently added twelve thousand miles of new tariff boundaries and has enormously increased internal customs schedules. Obviously, if there could only be a United States of Europe, with two to three times the population of the American union, Europeans could sell to each other and would not have to worry too much about selling to high-tariff America. Most of the nations of Europe last year signed an agreement looking to this end, but added so many reservations that the agreement is already valueless. All the same, the economic necessity is so imperative that Europe must come to

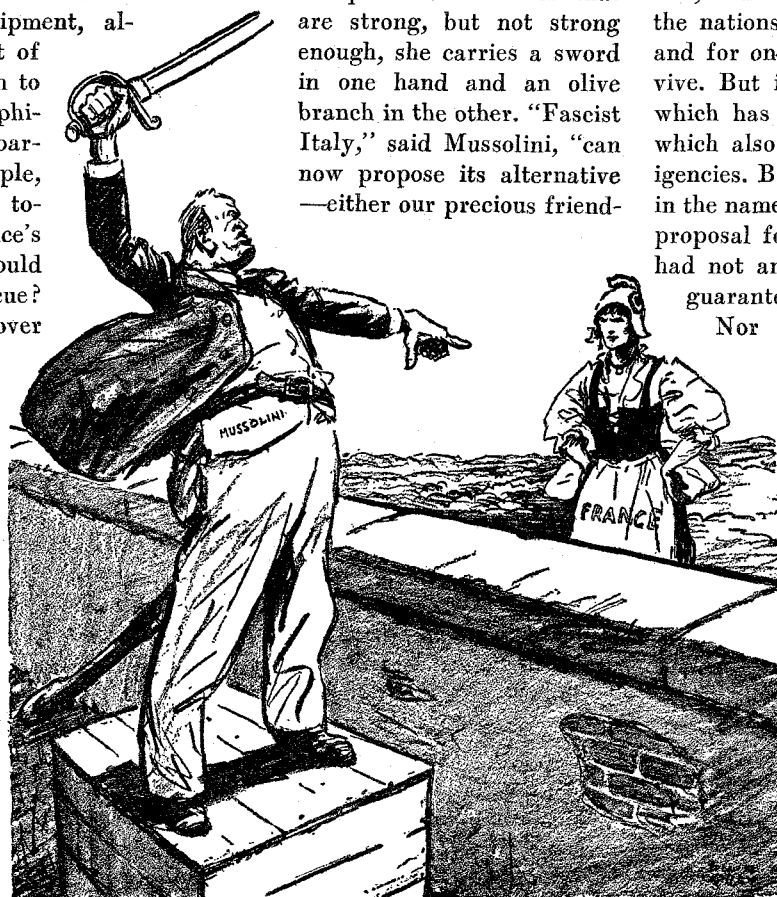
some working agreement as to tariffs in order to combat the "American invasion."

If France can take care of the American economic menace, that is one thing. But she must still take care of the Italian military menace, and that is another, and much more personal thing. Italy, despite what official War observers said in 1917, is no mean adversary. Her population is greater than that of France. Her military equipment, although not so large as that of France, is still large enough to be disturbing. Her geographical position is highly embarrassing. Suppose, for example, that she were to make war tomorrow on one of France's Balkan allies. How could France come to the rescue? Only by sending troops over the territory of other nations. Would those other nations consent? Not unless they felt it was their war. And how make them feel it was their war? Obviously, by binding them to a system which made such a war their concern. That is one of the political purposes of Briand's United States of Europe. France, by herself, is not strong enough to dominate Europe. But a European federation, dominated by France, could maintain the status quo indefinitely, and any nation starting a war would be a rebel. If Italy were to make trouble, she could be outlawed by a majority vote of France's client states, and then French armies would be legally free to move anywhere, as did the armies of Napoleon.

This very situation arose, in dress-rehearsal form, in the winter of 1926-7. Italy trumped up a charge that Yugoslavia was making secret military preparations against Albania, and talked like war. There is no doubt that Italy, if left alone, could have beaten Yugoslavia and, with her ring of alliances, emerged predominant in the Balkans, disrupting the entire French political system. France was in a bad way. Italy had stated a hypothetical case: "Suppose I go to war with Yugoslavia, just how would you get aid to your ally?" France had no answer ready—short of a war with

Italy. But ever since, she has been preparing her answer. It is to absorb Italy into a federation in which, were she to act without France's approval, all the rest of Europe would be allied against her.

Italy's strategy against this terrifying threat of peaceful absorption is the same as that which Caesar used against France twenty centuries ago: Divide and Conquer. With armies that are strong, but not strong enough, she carries a sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other. "Fascist Italy," said Mussolini, "can now propose its alternative—either our precious friend-



Kirby in N. Y. World

*Windy, but dangerous*

ship or our dangerous hostility.

That is a bid either to France or to Germany. With Germany friendly and pledged to supply Italy with food and war materials, Italy could face France with fair prospects of success—and success would mean gobbling up the Balkans and most of the eastern Mediterranean seaboard. On the other hand, a Franco-Italian alliance would easily dominate Europe. Mussolini asks only equality in such an alliance, well knowing that the geographical and moral position of Rome would give him the upper hand in foreign affairs.

THE VISION of a pan-Latin empire, with its center at Rome, glistens before Mussolini's eyes. A general federation of Europe, with France as benevolent All-Father, would make it impos-

sible. Mussolini's aim is to block the federation until he can make the desired bargain with France to run it jointly. Briand's is to mobilize pacifist and economic opinion to jam through some degree of federation before Mussolini feels strong enough to act independently.

This is not to say that Briand is cynically selfish in urging federation. The old seaman has a strain of idealism in him, and he is sincerely convinced that the nations of Europe must work with and for one another if they are to survive. But in politics the only idealism which has a chance of success is that which also corresponds to political exigencies. Briand could never have made, in the name of the French government, a proposal for European federation, if it had not answered France's need for a guarantee of the status quo.

Nor is Mussolini necessarily as warlike as his language is meant to suggest. With Italy's inferiority to France in airplanes, submarines, cruisers and money, he is not ready for a war—and probably never will be without powerful allies. But he knows his nuisance value. He is a master at creating threats and complications in order to be bought off. He cannot directly dominate France, but he can keep European politics in a turmoil until France is willing to strike a good bargain.

Just what is the bargain he desires? To judge from official declarations one might imagine it was the adjustment of a mystic boundary line in the middle of the Libian desert. But practical politicians do not risk national welfare for a few hundred square miles of parched sand. The question of the Libian boundary, like that of the citizenship of Italians in Tunisia, is deliberately kept alive as a cover for more important negotiations. The real demand which Italy is making on France has never been officially stated, although it was semi-officially put forward after the end of the recent London conference. It is recognition by France of Italy's predominant position in the Balkans—in other words, a promise that if Yugoslavia becomes troublesome again, France will not give her aid. If this

(Please Turn to Page 236)

## ►► The Twilight of the Toreador ◀◀

Madrid, Spain

By T. R. YBARRA

**H**IS name is Villalta. For weeks Spain has been ringing with tales of his exploits in the bull-ring. First he drove Zaragoza wild with joy, then he aroused a frenzy of enthusiasm in Bilbao, then he came to Madrid—the home of the most exacting and merciless bullfighting “fans” in the country—and surpassed all he had done before.

The Madrid public became delirious in its approval, the critics of the Madrid papers ran out of adjectives, comparisons were made between Villalta and the greatest matadors in the history of Spain’s classic sport—Frascuero and Lagartijo, Bomba and Guerrita, Belmonte and Joselito. The huge Plaza de Toros of Spain’s capital rocked with the cheering of thousands of Villalta’s admirers; and a roar went up, constantly repeated and growing in volume of: “*La oreja! La oreja!*”

That is the highest to which a matador can aspire—the demand, voiced by a delighted multitude, that he be granted the ear of the bull just killed by him. Villalta got the ear—it was his twenty-third in an astonishingly short space of time—and he made the round of the ring, bowing low, while hats and canes and money were thrown at him by “fans” gone mad for the moment. It was a triumph that recalled the wildest ovations ever seen in the Madrid ring, which has echoed the cheers—also the hisses—of Madrid crowds for more than half a century.

All of which would have been nothing very remarkable a few years ago. But, coming as it does at a time when Spanish bullfight enthusiasts are weeping over the “decadence” of the classic sport, the feats of Villalta are a veritable sensation in Spain.

Nowadays, the “fans” will tell you, there are few real bullfighters—they are mostly “poseurs,” men unworthy of being ranked with the heroes of fifty and twenty—ay, of ten years ago—who “played” their bulls in reckless defiance of death, gave them the final sword-stroke in strict accordance with the iron rules of the bullfighting game, and surrounded their names with a bright halo beside which that of our baseball idols is a pale shimmer.

Nowadays—sad-eyed oldsters continue—a wave of reform is sweeping over Spanish bullfighting, threatening to engulf rules and traditions and the

very sport itself. The horses are protected against the bull’s horns by great bulging things like mattresses!—the bulls, compared to the fiery and powerful brutes of yesteryear, are puny and cowardly—the crowds tolerate innovations which those of the golden days of the bull-ring would have crushed in a tumult of derision and anger.

“What innovations?” you ask. Whereupon, with flashing eyes and clenched fists, the “aficionados,” the dyed-in-the-wool bullfight “fans,” tell you of the comic relief that has been introduced of late into bullfighting, of toreadors who dress like Charlie Chaplin and fight bulls clownishly, with antics that are disgraceful—“yes, sir, positively disgraceful!”—aided by other buffoons in ridiculous uniforms, or garbed as bell-boys, all covered with shiny buttons, amid the delighted applause of degenerate Spaniards whose fathers and grandfathers cheered Frascuelo and Lagartijo, in the days when those giants of the game were bringing it to the heights of “classicism.”

**A**LL THIS the mournful old “fans” will tell you. “Yes, señor, bullfighting is on the wane. We live in an age of degeneracy. Bullfighters think more of making money than of equaling the masters of yesterday. Breeders of bulls sell to impresarios beasts that won’t fight, that turn away from the matador and go circling around the ring looking for the way out! Black days, these, señor—black, cheerless days for us who love *el gran arte del toreo!*”

“What about Villalta?” you ask, to console them.

Heads are raised, eyes brighten.

“Ah, there you have a torero! But—will he last?—won’t he weaken?—” Pessimism reasserts itself. The old “fans” are not to be consoled so easily. They have been disappointed too often, they have seen too many bullfighters rise—and fall—like rockets. Maybe, this Villalta, is just a flash in the pan! Probably. *Ay de mí!* “Black days, señor!”

And yet it is only ten years ago this Spring that Joselito (also known as Gallito), considered by many the greatest matador who ever drove a Toledo blade into a bull, was at the pinnacle

of his career. It is only ten years since Spain was plunged into mourning—literally—by the news of his death, on the horns of a fierce bull, in the bull ring of his native town of Talavera de la Reina.

**O**NLY TEN YEARS! What a change has come over bullfighting in the short space of time since Joselito’s tragic end! On the anniversary of his death the newspapers of Spain carried columns about him; expert critics of bullfighting wrote articles extolling him, couched in terms as technical as those used by critics of our drama and grand opera and exhibitions of paintings. There is no better way to appreciate the hold which bullfighting has on Spanish “fans” than to read some of these articles. To Americans they seem ridiculous, but not to the average Spaniard. The “art” of the bull-ring, as he sees it, must be approached with due reverence and understanding. Speaking of Joselito, one reminiscent critic wrote on the anniversary of his death: “Just as a big river absorbs a little one, and appropriates its waters, and obliges it to flow in its own channel, so a bullfighter worthy of the name utilizes the charge of the bull, and deflects it, and bends it to the rhythm of his own play. That is what Joselito used to do. Never did he seem to be fighting, never did he give the impression that he was meeting opposition from the bull. On the contrary, he seemed to absorb the brute, to direct its charge by sheer will-power. He worked with precision, he dominated. His art was the perfection of light and line.”

Like something from the pen of a “high-brow” New York critic, isn’t it? Funny, in connection with bullfighting? But Spaniards see nothing funny in such writing—especially those who deplore this “age of decadence,” who are forced to turn to memories of glorious yesterdays of bullfighting, lest the grief aroused in them by decadent today become unbearable.

Joselito! To think that he was living a short ten years ago! To think that he was killed on a day in May no further back than 1920, that he had a funeral of which a king of Spain might well be proud, that he was mourned by thousands who today applaud bullfighting bellboys and Charlie Chaplins! “*Ay, señor, es el crepúsculo del toreo!* It is the twilight of the toreador!”

## ►► Mass Production of Ph.D.'s ◀◀

By EDGAR W. KNIGHT

FIFTEEN YEARS ago there were about 260,000 young people enrolled in the higher educational institutions of this country, with about 30,000 in the graduating classes. There are now about a million college students, and in a decade more there may be in the colleges and universities of the United States as many young people as there are young people of college age in the United States. What was once regarded as the good fortune of the youth who was privileged in property or who was exceptionally aggressive or ambitious may soon be the reasonable prospect of almost any or all of them. We are rapidly becoming a nation of college men and women.

But we are not becoming a nation of college graduates. We enter college in large and are graduated in much smaller numbers; a condition out of which comes one of the most perplexing problems in American education. The period that has witnessed the remarkable increase in the number of college students has seen increased and increasing dissatisfaction with what the colleges are doing and the manner by which it is done. Alarm and resentment spread because of college student mortality which may be said to have reached the proportions of an acute problem.

The figures themselves tell the mournful story. The academic careers of one-fifth of the 300,000 young men and women who entered the colleges and universities of this country in the fall of 1929 will end with the close of the school year this month, and alma mater will know them no more. When graduation day arrives for the class of 1933 only half of its original members will receive diplomas and the blessings of the president. The other half will be as a tale that is right badly told. Notwithstanding the knelling and the dirging and the increasing post mortems by college presidents and deans and their personnel clinics, the academic death rate remains frightfully high.

These educational specialists do not agree upon any one cause or set of causes of the trouble, but point to many. In their opinion the typical American college student may fail to stagger through on account of any one of numerous ills that range all the way from adenoids, and asthma, to alcohol, automobiles, athletics, Bacchanalia, bigotry,

ly connected with a wholly different one; an adequate supply of properly prepared and skillful teachers in the colleges. These institutions are filled because democracy has stepped out in another direction, and through public and private effort education has been extended to areas that were once not common. The colleges and universities have urged undaunted youth to enter their gates, but often have failed or seem to have failed to make proper provision for the young men and women after they enter. Fairly adequate material provision has been generally made perhaps; there are more dormitory, laboratory, library, and class-room facilities. And there are more teachers. But better teachers have not always been provided for this flood of students. Some observers appear to believe that the higher educational institutions are indifferent if not openly hostile to the idea or suggestion that college teachers should be trained to teach.

If there is such indifference or hostility, however, probably not all the blame for it should be placed upon the colleges. Some of these institutions would and are moving to improve conditions. After waiting a decade and a half, the Association of American Colleges, whose members furnish students to graduate schools and provide "the major field of life-occupation for the graduates of graduate schools" last year called the attention of the graduate schools of the United

States to the desirability of training graduate students for college teaching, and "earnestly" requested those schools to give consideration to certain suggestions which can be considered significant. One of these had to do with provision for "adequate training in methods of teaching as applied to the particular department of knowledge in which the student is working," and another suggestion was for "an optional quantitative relaxation of the research requirement in favor of some additional mastery



Ewing Galloway

brains (lack of), bronchitis, carelessness, cash (too much or not enough), degeneracy, despondency, extravagance, family, females, jazz, malaria, obesity, osculation, sex appeal, tobacco, vanity, verbosity, week ends, yodeling, and zeros.

It is extraordinary that college students survive when faced with such infirmities as these. These tribulations may or may not explain most of the failures of college students, but many careful observers seem to see the problem close-

of subject matter or of other educational resources." The graduate schools are to talk about the matter at their meeting in Berkeley next fall.

Perhaps the roots of the trouble which the Association of Colleges seeks to remove may in reality run back to the system of graduate instruction through which the reputable college or university must now draw its teachers. As has been pointed out so often, the typical graduate school is highly vocational in nature with emphasis upon research and not upon teaching, and is otherwise narrowing and restrictive in its influence in American educational life. Teaching is an art, the critics would say, and college teachers should possess a generous culture and the skill to communicate it. They have not merely the responsibility of knowing but also of communicating knowledge and of stimulating the minds of others. True, they must be approved and certificated products of the graduate school which may make investigators and technical research workers but not teachers. Yet, it is generally assumed that one who has gone through the academic process leading to an advanced degree and, through a dissertation, has made a "contribution to knowledge" is competent to teach.

Not only is the emphasis in the graduate system of scholarship upon research, but the candidate for the coveted degree must do his research not in one field but in one special subject in that special field and generally in one special phase of that special subject. Through this specialized research he prepares his dissertation, which is generally done to minute specifications. Throughout the process stress is upon research which too often means merely the capacity for the careful collection and tidy arrangement of material, a method which seems often to require ingenuity rather than creative ability.

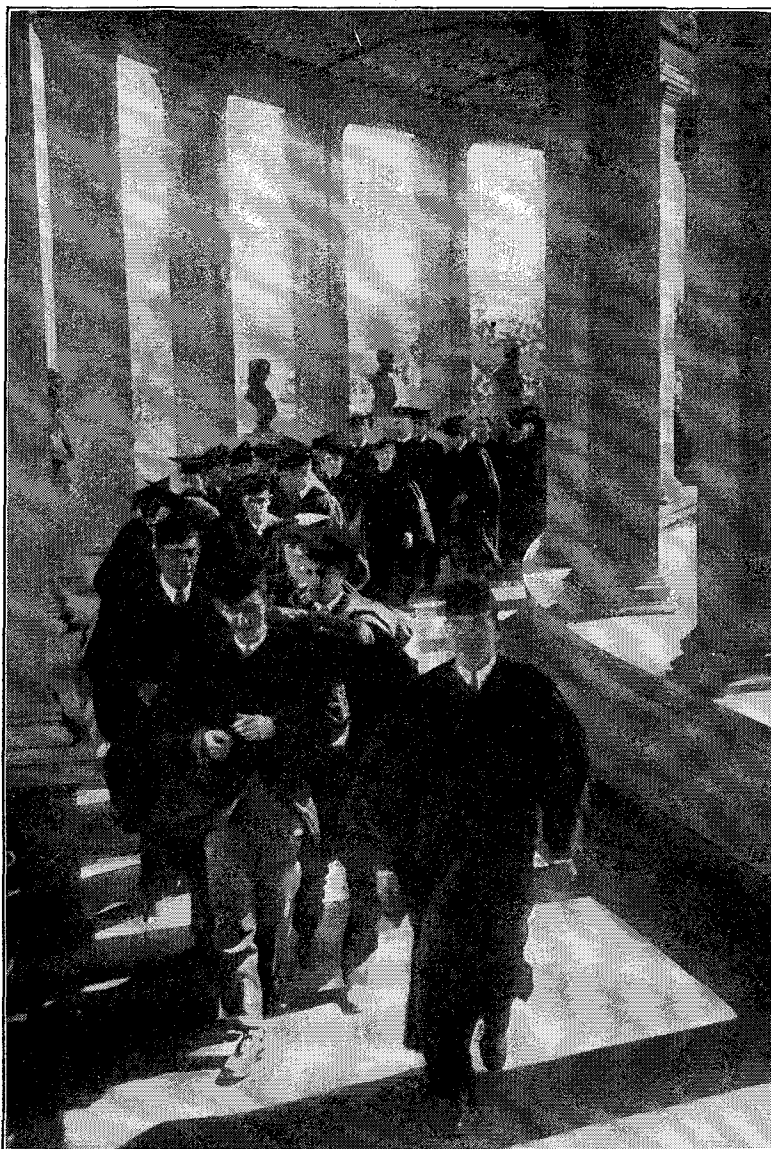
It may not be unreasonable to ques-

tion whether real contributions to knowledge are created in any such way. A pile of brick, as some one has suggested, is not architecture no matter how neatly arranged. But, the doctorate gained from a reputable institution carries the blessings of undisputed authority for scholarship. It carries with it also the right to teach in a higher educational institution. And it is practically an imperative requisite for academic appoint-

seventy-five to eighty cases out of a hundred, finds his way into a college or university as a teacher of undergraduates. Although trained primarily in research and generally not at all in teaching, most of the Ph.D.'s become teachers.

THE TEACHING skill of this learned doctor was probably not increased in graduate school. Certainly he was not encouraged there to divest knowledge of its abstract and professional character and to diffuse it. He was urged to attend to his own little narrow field, to abstract his subject from other subjects, and often he appears to abstract it from the human needs of his students. Certainly it appears that the way to this young professor's proper recognition and appreciation of learning and to his feeling of responsibility for its diffusion is beset with a stubborn obstacle. This way may have been made hard by the laborious and often hideous task which the graduate school demanded. The requirements for the dissertation, euphoniously known in academic areas as a contribution to knowledge, are very exacting and impose upon the candidate for the doctorate a degree of involuntary servitude. The process of collecting the material is generally irksome; the dissertation itself may and probably does represent only erudition; the young doctor's contribution to knowledge is too often knowledge without cultivation.

Few Ph.D. dissertations are marked by good writing not to mention literary graces, even in the fields of literature and history. Few are prepared to advance learning, but to advance the Ph.D.'s. We still hold tenaciously to the ancient formula that the dissertation shall exhibit evidences of original research and be a contribution to human knowledge, although it is doubtful if humanity has been greatly enriched by some of the studies that come out of the graduate school, even



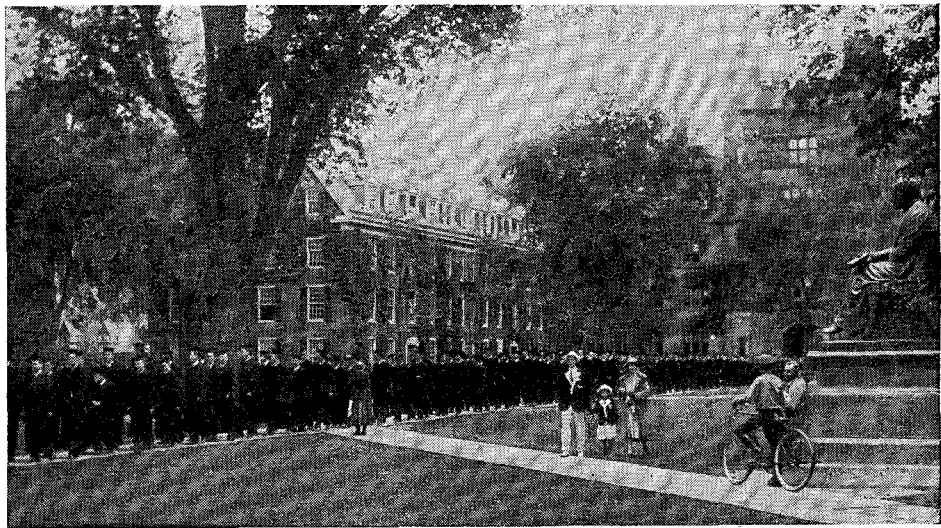
Underwood

ment or promotion in all the leading colleges and universities. Men and women seek the degree because they desire to teach. The manufacture of Ph.D.'s has become, therefore, one of the major academic industries of this country. Multitudes of men and women, among them many mediocrities, are every year driven into the graduate school like droves of steers into a Chicago abattoir; and annually about this season we witness many a mere John Smith changed into Dr. John Smith who, in about

though they bear innumerable quotation marks and footnotes, are positively ponderous, and are dignified, as the law requires, but ever so dull.

It is doubtful also if the average young Ph.D. in this country is ripe enough to contribute to knowledge, although the system through which he is forced to go in order to become a college teacher leads him to believe that he is flying with an important message to the world. It is a common wile of old Adam or the devil to make men think they are what they are not. Moreover, from this process the young doctor is likely to go to his teaching tasks with a dull and pedantic spirit. The value of the dissertation requirements is not only doubtful as preparation for teaching undergraduates but even for making talks in chapel, before literary societies and class banquets, Rotary Clubs and Chambers of Commerce, or for judging footraces; activities into which the energies of many college professors must eventually go.

The purpose of the doctor's degree, the nature of the demand for it, and the character of the candidates seem often to conspire to make of the graduate schools a system which does not encourage productive research, even though the colleges, and the organized agencies which standardize them, demand that their professors hold the degree and maintain it in respectability. It appears that the dissertation marks for most Ph.D.'s the end rather than the beginning of their productive efforts. A study conducted some time ago by the American Historical Association showed that less than twenty-five per cent of the doctors of philosophy in history "are consistent producers," and this percentage is probably "not unreasonably low in comparison with other subjects." The present conditions surrounding graduate requirements do not augur well for the future of productive scholarship or for an increase of respect for it. The



Wide World

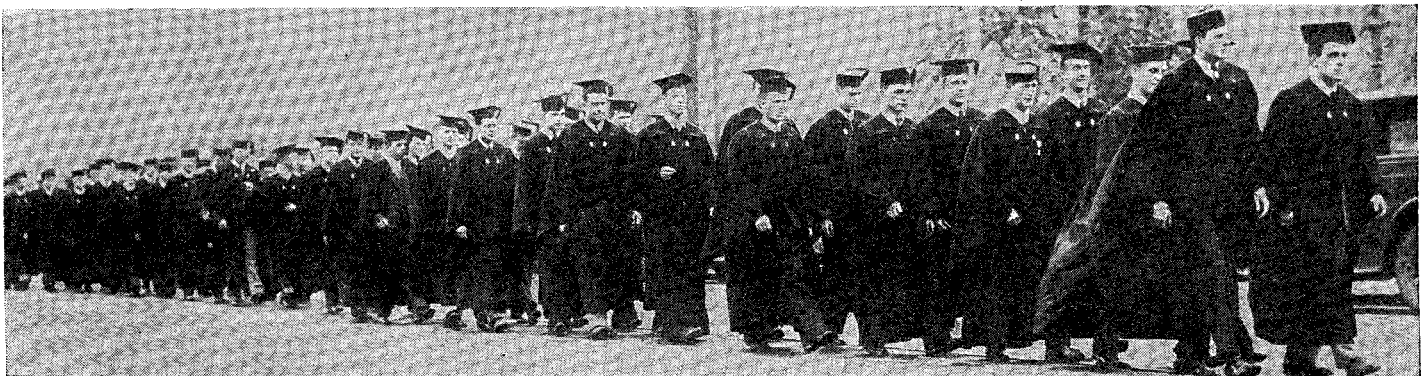
laborious preparation of the dissertation may be an obstacle to the proper recognition and appreciation of learning by those who are forced through the process. Out of a body of highly standardized men and women such as the graduate schools produce, some of whom are of mediocre ability, it is perhaps not altogether reasonable to expect many of them to rise to professional eminence.

Nor does it seem reasonable to expect the graduate system of scholarship to make out of many candidates for the doctorate able, inspiring, and effective teachers. So-called contributions to human knowledge, if not always real and lively, may be made by way of the ancestry or the Italian sources of Chaucer; Spencer in Ireland; accent in *Paradise Lost*; the inflection of the present plural indicative in English; Tennyson's knowledge of the New Testament; the geography of Beowulf's exploits; an enumeration of the feminine endings in the verse of Elizabethan poets; the position of the unemphatic object pronouns in Old French; the dedication and preface in English literature from the beginnings to the Restoration; by juggling with the parts of strong verbs in Gothic; or by contemplating the per-

sistent perversity with which Sophocles employed the second aorist.

But such studies as these, whether they are real and lively contributions or not, are often the chief means by which the young doctor comes to be admitted to the fellowship of scholars. It is through the making of such studies that he gains the privilege to read themes in English I, and to conduct classes of Freshmen, even though he may not himself be conspicuously possessed of accuracy and thoroughness or clarity of expression. It is wonderful for a scholar to discover and report to the world of scholarship that Browning relished strawberries and that Carlyle did not, but it is doubtful if such a discovery and report increase his fitness as a teacher to lead young men and women into the attractive field of English literature and to give them a feeling for their mother tongue. It is extremely doubtful, also, if teaching skill turns upon excavated proof of such a discovery and the arrangement of quotations in full support of it. Nevertheless, educational executives who have the Ph.D. virus are likely to insist that the prospective doctors do dissertations on subjects that

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Wide World

# ▶▶ The Trend of Events ◀◀

## ▶▶ The Methodist Board

THE Senate lobby committee dredged up startling facts in its investigation of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. During two days of testimony by Deets Pickett, the board's research secretary, the committee learned that the board had made no report, under the corrupt practices act, of its expenditures in the presidential campaign of 1928. This despite the fact that Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the board, had, to use his own words, "given ninety-eight campaign speeches in all the western states, and in Kansas, Oklahoma, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, North Dakota and other states, thirty in all." This despite the fact that the board circulated, in Mr. Pickett's words, "several hundred thousand" copies of the record of Governor Smith, to whom Dr. Wilson venomously and nonsensically referred as "a man whose unbroken advocacy of the saloon, the brothel and the gambling hall cannot be questioned by any act of his in thirty years."

Mr. Pickett explained this astonishing failure to report expenditures by saying that the board's hostility to the Smith candidacy was not a political struggle but a struggle for a moral issue. "When a political candidate involves our province, the moral sphere," he said, "we feel perfectly justified in speaking out." And again: "Every one knew we were against Governor Smith. We weren't to blame. He dragged in the liquor issue." The board opposed Smith, he said, only when Smith "dragged a non-political issue into the campaign."

Now no one denies the right of Mr. Pickett, Dr. Wilson or the Methodist Board to oppose any political candidate, but surely no sensible person believes that when the board does oppose a political candidate it is not engaging in political work. When Mr. Pickett calls prohibition "a non-political issue," he is talking through his hat. A moral issue it may be, but it is unquestionably a political issue also. The very dry organizations which Mr. Pickett believes won the fight for Hoover in 1928 have made prohibition a political issue for years. They are making it a political issue at this moment in New Jersey.

Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts believes that the Pickett testimony furnished "overwhelming and conclusive evidence of violation of the corrupt practices act." It completely confirmed the charge he has already laid before the Attorney General, he says, and disclosed new evidence besides. It is up to Attorney General Mitchell to investigate this charge and this evidence honestly, thoroughly and fearlessly.

## ▶▶ Morrow and 1932

RUMORS FLEW as fast as did Dwight W. Morrow, who has a notably swift and practiced aerial chauffeur, during the opening days of his campaign for the Republican nomination for Senator in New Jersey. They were to the effect that in his Atlantic City speech Mr. Morrow would disavow any presidential aspirations for 1932.



International

### ONE OF THE DRIEST

Deets Pickett of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals

Mr. Morrow did nothing of the kind. He indulged in a bit of President-praising and let it go at that. Yet any rumors that his desire for the presidential nomination had caused antagonism between himself and Mr. Hoover were probably somewhat dampened by his warm endorsement of the Hoover policies. He had high praise for the President's "great courage and decision" in dealing with the business depression and for his activities in offsetting unemployment. Further than that he did not go. His speech, dealing entirely with American business life, past and present, was notably non-political in flavor.

This was to be expected. A candidate of Mr. Morrow's sound sense would hardly be found declining a presidential nomination before he had so much as received a nomination for Senator. Nor would a declination put him definitely out of the running; if the demand were sufficient, he could always be drafted by his party. Furthermore, the gesture would profit him relatively little. Mr. Morrow's present interest lies in winning the nomination for Senator and few Republicans are likely to oppose him merely because his name is persistently being mentioned in connection with 1932.

In addition to these reasons there is still another, which may be the most important. Mr. Morrow probably does want to run for President, if not in 1932, then in 1936. Why should he say that he doesn't?

## ▶▶ India's Revolt

SAROJINI NAIDU, Hindu poetess, lasted but a few days as leader of the Indian Nationalist movement. Under her command the now-familiar salt raids went briskly forward. They centered on Bombay Island, where the Wadala salt deposits cover six square miles, and at Dharasana, to the north. On a single day, 400 Indians were arrested at the former place, 250 at the latter. Three days later ninety-five were arrested at Wadala, while at Dharasana hundreds were injured in fights with the police. This Dharasana engagement spelled the end for Mrs. Naidu, who was arrested and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. Her successor, the third to take command since the arrest of Mahatma Gandhi, was V. J. Patel, former President of the Indian Legislative Assembly, who had been the one link remaining between the Nationalists and the Government.

The spotlight then shifted to the city of Bombay, where as many as 200,000 Indians participated in a single demonstration of protest against Gandhi's imprisonment, marching through the streets shouting, "Down with British goods. Hail the Mahatma and freedom for the people." Meanwhile, troops had restored temporary order at Dharasana. At Wadala, the raids and the arrests continued, reaching their height when a crowd of 30,000 swooped down on

the salt deposits, overwhelming the few hundred police, and again, a week later, when 15,000 persons repeated the performance. On both occasions arrests were made by the score. Emaciated, naked little Gandhi, spinning his cloth and reading his *Pilgrim's Progress* in his prison at Poona, apparently wishes to be taken literally when he says: "We shall fill all the jails of India with our passive resisters, and we shall make administration impossible by our opposition."

The outbreaks were not confined to the salt depots during these two weeks. Clashes with the police occurred in several parts of India. Nationalist projects involving the mass picketing of cloth and liquor shops, non-payment of taxes and the boycotting of British goods and banking were also vigorously advanced.

Obviously the British Labor Government is stating, not what is true, but what it wishes were true, when, through its spokesman, Wedgwood Benn, Secretary of State for India, it deprecates the Nationalist outbreaks as representing sporadic anarchy rather than a widespread public revolt. The recommendations of the Simon commission on India's future, to be published on June 24, may or may not satisfy the Nationalists' demands and bring their movement to an end. Meanwhile, as an official British communiqué delicately puts it, the situation "still contains elements of uncertainty and instability which preclude a forecast of all possible developments." Quite so.

### ➤➤Hugo N. Frye

INTERVIEWED in his modest twenty-room hotel suite, Hugo N. Frye (You Go and Fry), Cornell University's mythical founder of the Republican party, expressed only mild interest in the hoax banquet solemnly tendered him at Ithaca, New York. He said he had not read of the banquet, given in honor of his 150th birthday by his creators, editors of the humorous column in the *Cornell Daily Sun*. "I have," he stated, "no time at all for diversion."

"I am a plain man," continued Mr. Frye, battling obvious reluctance to speak for publication. "I was born in a log cabin. My father, grandfather and great-grandfather were plain. They were also born in log cabins. A humble mouthpiece of the people, I dislike ostentation and show. I never attend banquets. It takes all my time, sitting here thinking of ways in which to serve

the American public at great pain and expense to myself." He spoke softly, almost shyly, the better to adapt his voice to the microphone at his elbow. "Have a cigar," he urged. "Never smoke, myself. Promised my mother. A man's best friend. By the way, are there any young children present? I always kiss children."

Asked what he thought of the tributes sent in all credulity to be read aloud at his testimonial banquet by Vice-President Curtis, Secretary Davis, Senator Grundy, Claudius H. Huston and Representative Ruth Pratt, he said he

he murmured. "Flower of our youth . . . Flanders Fields . . . American people sound at heart . . . business fundamentally sound . . . our great country . . . uphold . . . spiritual values."

Mr. Frye was inconspicuously dressed in a simple, perfectly tailored hair shirt. He was justifiably incensed to hear that Secretary Davis had said of him: "If he were living today he would be the first to rejoice in evidence everywhere present that our government is still safe in the hands of the people."

"Living?" exclaimed Hugo N. Frye. "I'm living. I was never livelier. What's more," he added testily, "it's nonsense saying I founded only the Republican party. I founded all the parties there are."

### ➤➤Immigration Wounds

WHEN CONGRESS in 1924 prohibited immigration from Japan into the United States, it set up an irritation in Japanese-American relations which has never disappeared. Not only jingoes, but all intelligent Japanese, deeply resent the exclusion. Apparently our delegates at the London naval conference discussed our exclusion policy with the delegates from Japan. Hence, when Mr. Hanihara, formerly Japanese Ambassador at Washington, again mentioned Japan's humiliation at the act of 1924 the United States was ready with an answer. Chairman Johnson of the House Immigration Committee announced that he was prepared to introduce a measure placing Japanese immigration on a regular quota basis under the national origins plan.

It is a highly commendable move. America's admission that it blundered in scrapping the "gentlemen's agreement" under which immigration from Japan had been regulated before 1924 might do much to eliminate tension between the two powers in the Pacific. Representative Johnson's proposal would mean that about two hundred Japanese would be admitted to the United States a year, which is too small a number to quarrel about. With Japan, however, it isn't the number, it's the principle of the thing. The Japanese feel that they have been stigmatized as an inferior race; they will feel that way until the stigma is removed. Naturally, they have hailed the Johnson proposal with enthusiasm.

But, while Congress may close the

#### PORTRAIT OF HUGO N. FRYE

*"That sturdy patriot, who first planted the ideals of our party in his region of the country"*

had not seen them. He was told that Secretary Davis had hailed him as "that sturdy patriot who first planted the ideals of our party in his region of the country." "Very good," commented Mr. Frye, turning his head bashfully to present his rugged profile to waiting cameras. "Couldn't say it better myself."

He corroborated the Cornell statement that he had rooted the Republican Party in the slogan "Protection for Our Prosperity." He recalled inventing the phrase "the fundamental principles of the Republican Party," but declined to explain the phrase's meaning. He declined, also, to express an opinion on prohibition. "A law is a law," he said, his glance roving the bare walls, lined only with sounding-boards. "A law is a law is a law is a law—" He broke off absently for a swig at a five-gallon jug. "Flower of American Womanhood . . ."

wound caused by the exclusion of Japanese, the Senate lately opened another by limiting entrants from Mexico to less than 3,000 annually. Mexicans have responded to this first effort to restrict immigration from the Western Hemisphere much as the Japanese responded to exclusion six years ago. Immigration from Mexico has undoubtedly caused grave social and labor problems in the Southwest. However, rigid enforcement of existing regulations on visas, fees and surreptitious entries would probably prove sufficient for all practical purposes. The bill passed by the Senate is regarded, not only in Mexico but through much of Latin-America, as an unwarranted affront and a further sign of American arrogance. It may prove as dangerous to our relations below the Rio Grande as the exclusion of Japanese has been to our relations in the Pacific.

### ►►Price of Senate Seats

THE Senate Campaign Funds Committee merely determines and reports expenditures in senatorial primaries, leaving it to the Senate as a whole to say whether or not these expenditures are excessive. Hence the committee remains tranquil while candidates appearing before it speak of such sums as Andy mutters while working on the books of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company.

Early last month Ruth Hanna McCormick told the committee how she had unfastened her handbag for \$252,000 to pay the expenses of winning the Republican nomination for Senator in Illinois. Late last month Joseph R. Grundy told the committee

how he had dug into his pocket for \$291,000 to pay the expenses of losing the Republican nomination for Senator in Pennsylvania. The Senate's blackballing of Mr. Smith of Illinois and Mr. Vare of Pennsylvania, primarily because of their expenditures in the notorious senatorial primaries of 1926, has had little effect. While the McCormick and Grundy expenditures this year were smaller than the Smith and Vare expenditures four years ago, they are still upbeyond all reason. Senate races remain the sport of kings of finance. Barring support of wealthy friends or political machines, a poor man has no more chance of winning a seat in the Senate than of winning one on the Stock Exchange.

The testimony thus far taken by the Senate Funds Committee indicates that it is high time state governments assumed and restricted all expenses involved in state primaries and elections, while the government at Washington assumed and restricted all those involved in national primaries and elections. To institute such a system without working grave injustices might prove difficult, but it should not prove impossible. It would be expensive, but democracy usually comes high. If this plan is impracticable, why not follow Mr. Grundy's advice and remove all restrictions on expenditures, even though this would often mean placing offices on the block and knocking them down to the highest bidder? Either system would surely be more sensible than the present one, under which the Senate rebukes a candidate for spending \$190,000—as it did in the case of Senator Newberry of Michigan—bars out a candidate for spending \$800,000—as it

did in the Vare case—and yet refuses—as in the McCormick case it may refuse—either to rebuke or bar out a candidate for spending a sum falling somewhere in between.

### ►►More of the Same

THE Massachusetts Supreme Court, which should know better, agrees that Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* is an obscene book. It also offers some curious instruction in the art of letters—"nothing essential to the history of the life of its principal character would have been lost if these passages were omitted which the jury found were obscene, indecent and manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth." Mr. Dreiser, listen and learn.

Furthermore, "the seller of the book which contains passages offensive to the statute has no right to assume that children to whom the book might come would not read the obnoxious passages, or if they should read them would continue to read on until the evil effects of the obscene passages were weakened or dissipated with the tragic dénouement of the tale." So that, apparently, no book may be circulated in Massachusetts which would not, throughout, make fit reading for children. Wow!

The law under which *An American Tragedy* was banned is now a dead letter. It was recently superseded by a statute against books "which are obscene." The old law applied to books containing obscene passages, making it unnecessary to judge the book as a whole. Whatever the new law may mean no one seems to know. There is, however, ground for believing that the Massachusetts Supreme Court will interpret it narrowly, since in the *American Tragedy* case it ruled that reading the entire book to the jury would have been "impracticable."

Scarcely less important was the Supreme Court's decision sustaining the verdict against a Cambridge bookseller, who faces a fine and imprisonment for selling *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, by D. H. Lawrence, to a provocative agent of the Watch and Ward Society. Naturally, the society hailed this decision as complete vindication. In a statement of its own, as well as in an opinion by counsel engaged to examine the record of the case, it indicated its determination to carry on with old-time zeal.

What, then, is the use? When it comes to moral books—Massachusetts, there she is, the crazy Kansas of the East.



Keystone, Underwood

### SAVED

Margaret Culkin Banning, Adolph Lewisohn, Katharine Bement Davis, once unrepentant drys, converted to wet cause

## ►► Captain of the World

GOLF HOLDS no more major titles for Bobby Jones. Besides the British amateur championship, there are but three others—the British open, the United States open and the United States amateur. Bobby has won each, not once but, respectively, two, three and four times. No other man with a putter has held



Underwood

### BOBBY THE GREAT

them all and no other man has sought the British amateur with the feeling that carried Jones over the windswept course at St. Andrews in Scotland.

To Jones the British amateur was, as he said, "the big shot." His first big shot came in 1923 with the winning of the United States open. He won the United States amateur a year later, repeated in 1925 and garnered both the British and United States opens the next season. Four more of these cups came to him in the next three years and with them encomiums for being a great and a mechanical golfer. Yet somehow, when he was seeking the British amateur title, his shots never clicked. He tried twice, failed even to reach the finals, and, he admitted, began to think that on Britain's amateur greens he could never succeed as had those two Americans, Walter Travis in 1904, and Jesse Sweetser in 1926.

The first rounds at St. Andrews fore-

shadowed another failure. Bobby likes to pitch his shots to the greens, but the St. Andrews greens were like ice-hockey rinks. Jones, obliged to change his game, did so. His opponents were Cyril Tolley, who won the championship last year; Harrison Johnston, American amateur champion; George Voigt, a splendid golfer; and others, all of whom he defeated, though not by impressive margins. In the finals he faced Roger Wethered, captain of the English Walker Cup team. Once again he was the mechanical golfer, with a 7-and-6, and became captain of the world. There is no such title but there should be. It belongs to Robert T. Jones, a gentleman, a scholar and a good judge of distance.

## ►► Auto Accidents

LEAFING BACK through brittle files, the New York *Herald Tribune* found what it believes was the first *Tribune* report of an automobile accident. On June 12, 1900, two Brooklyn men racing a bicycling messenger boy near Babylon, L. I., lost control of their machine, struck the cycle path and overturned. Result, one broken arm.

The story was a novelty for newspapers watching the century turn into the auto age. Today the loss of life in street and highway accidents is "a national concern of grave importance . . . a humanitarian and economic problem which touches every man, woman and child in the land." So said President Hoover at the third National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, lately held in Washington. His words were soon substantiated by reports presented to the 250 delegates, who came from forty-one states and from Canada. Motor-vehicle accidents took 31,000 lives last year. More than a million persons were injured. In 1920 there were sixteen traffic fatalities for every 100,000 inhabitants. In 1929 there were twenty-seven. During the past two years the increase in fatalities has been more rapid than that in automobile registrations.

The accident rate continues to rise, said Mr. Hoover, "because the increasing volume of traffic outruns our efforts." He spoke of the program adopted by the conference four years ago, a program partly carried out in some states and communities but already requiring renovation. Hence the conference and its latest recommendations, such as refusal of registration for mechanically defective cars, periodic inspections by

state officials and removal of hazards from the nation's 240,000 grade crossings.

Through similarly specific attacks some cities and states have curbed phases of the accident increase. Much more can be done. But there is no easy road to safety. Better highways, lower prices and increasing purchasing power bring more and more cars. With them comes greater congestion, with congestion greater necessity for speed, with speed greater danger and more accidents.

Traffic regulation partially relieves the congestion and skilled drivers reduce some of the dangers of speed. A new generation, as much at home under the wheel as an older one was in the saddle, may be less prone to kill or maim itself on the highways. Meanwhile, the fourth decade beckons with a lone solution—the diversion of fast traffic into the air, leaving the highways for those who would travel leisurely.



Wide World

### ASPIRATION

A not unfamiliar sight along American highways

## ►► A Week in the Air

GLENN H. CURTISS, pioneer aviator, chose Memorial Day to retrace the course of his historic Albany-to-New York flight of 1910. It was a neat illustration of what aviation has been doing since pilots sought to beat express trains while gauging their speed by the flutter of their coat sleeves. The 1910 series of record-breaking hops down the Hudson was made in a pusher biplane and was watched, like a boat race, from a specially chartered train. The jaunt on Memorial Day was made in a twenty-passenger air liner, with four other planes roaring alongside.

The week of the second Curtiss flight brought four significant developments.

Captain Roscoe Turner opened the week by lopping twenty-seven minutes from the record time for the transcontinental trip from east to west. Earlier in the month he had missed the record of less than fifteen hours, newly established by Colonel Lindbergh, but flying with the sun he proved a winner. Turner landed at Glendale, Calif., 18 hours, 43 minutes after leaving New York.

Four days later the Graf Zeppelin tied up at the mobile mooring mast at Lakehurst, New Jersey. While her twenty passengers spoke nonchalantly of the storms on the 3,400 mile, sixty-nine-hour trip from Pernambuco, Brazil, Commander Eckener watched the fueling for the voyage to Spain.

In the same week came word that the Fokker Aircraft Corporation, manufacturer and distributor, would change its name to General Aviation Corporation and become a holding company. There is talk of making the Dornier Company of America a subsidiary, of acquiring

the Western Air Express, of occupying a place in the air like that which General Motors, controller of both Fokker and Dornier, occupies on land. Rivaling the new company are the United Aircraft, Curtiss-Wright and Detroit Aircraft groups.

Rounding out the week, John Hays Hammond, Jr., announced that he had perfected a television system whereby a pilot may land his plane safely on the foggiest field. The contraption throws a miniature of the field on a screen in the cockpit, with a moving speck representing the progress of the plane.

Mr. Curtiss predicts that on Memorial Day, 1950, there may be as many airplanes between New York and Albany as there were automobiles on the Memorial Day just past. If each of the weeks before Memorial Day, 1950, proves half as productive as last week, his reputation as a prophet is safe.

## ►► Wetward Ho!

AFTER YEARS of friendship for prohibition, Katharine Bement Davis, eminent New York social worker, has decided that it has not succeeded and never can succeed. Mary A. Frasca, another New York social worker, declares that the Eighteenth Amendment "has proved a farce and a failure." Jean Norris, long a well-known woman lawyer and now a City Magistrate in New York, advocates a system of government control. Adolph Lewisohn, New York philanthropist, once a believer in prohibition, now endorses the wet views of Dwight W. Morrow.

Nor are the mind-changers confined to New York. Margaret Culkin Ban-

ning, author, formerly a dry and member of the Minnesota Republican State Committee, declares that the Eighteenth Amendment must go. "Increasingly," says Mrs. Banning, "the anti-prohibitionists are gathering on their side the wisest and sanest people in our country."

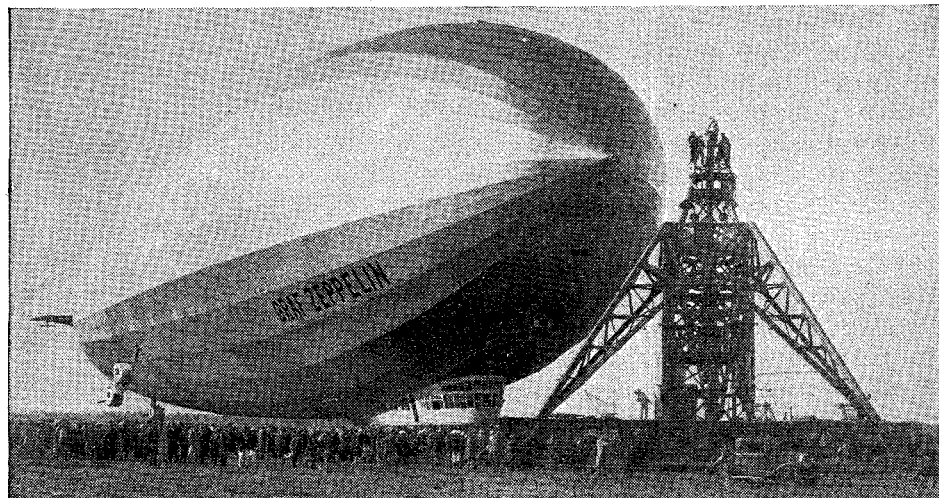
When, within a few days, all these prominent people come out boldly with the wets, it is a striking sign that prohibition is wobbling. Even more striking signs are now on view in official Washington. There—believe it or not—Senator Wesley L. Jones, driest of the dries and author of the five-and-ten law, has declared that under certain circumstances he would cast a dripping wet vote. If the people of Washington State, in a public referendum, vote for the repeal or modification of the Eighteenth Amendment, he says, he as a Senator will vote for the submission of that proposal to the state legislatures for ratification or rejection.

Naturally, there are reasons for the Senator's astonishing stand. The State of Washington is wet. The *Literary Digest* poll indicates that two persons in that State favor modification or repeal for every one who favors strict enforcement. Again, the Republican State Convention in Washington recently demanded "such modification of the present laws on intoxicating liquor as will provide a lawful use of such liquor." As if to add to the Senator's worries, a Federal Grand Jury which has been investigating charges of corruption in the prohibition unit at Seattle has returned indictments against the prohibition administrator—appointed at the Senator's recommendation—and against several of his assistants.

Hardly had Senator Jones announced when and how he would vote wet when other prominent dries—among them Senators Oddie, Dill, Nye, and Walsh of Montana—hastened to follow his lead. If their manoeuvre is intended to avert the wrath of the wets on election day, it may not work. Wets do not want Senators and Representatives who will vote wet only once and under certain conditions. They want Senators and Representatives who will vote wet from conviction, not from expediency.

## ►► Interpreters Two

FRANKLIN W. FORT of New Jersey, Dwight W. Morrow's opponent for the Republican nomination for Senator, begins to rival the United States Supreme



Wide World

### HITCHING POST

The Graf Zeppelin tying up to the mobile mooring mast at Lakehurst, N. J.

Court as an interpreter of the dry laws. The court handed down two opinions on the dry laws last week. Mr. Fort handed down one.

Early this year Representative Fort made a speech in Congress which has been receiving far more prominence than it deserves. In it he said that, if people want light wines, they may make them in their homes and drink them to their hearts' content. Last week he pointed out that his speech in Congress had referred solely to beverages which are non-intoxicating in fact. This may seem confusing, and it is. The confusion arises from Mr. Fort's abuse of the words "light wines."

Unless the words are tortured out of their original meaning, they signify fruit juices intoxicating in fact. It is plainly illegal for a citizen to make such fruit juices, in or out of his home. But when Representative Fort uses the words "light wines" he means fruit juices which contain more than half of one per cent of alcohol but not enough more to be intoxicating in fact. Such fruit juices are permitted under the law, though the exact point at which beverages become intoxicating in fact has never been officially determined. What the householder would do with these Fort-brand fruit juices after manufacturing them we cannot imagine, unless he (1.) let them alone while Nature took her lawless course, or (2.) poured them quickly down the sink. As far as we can see, Mr. Fort has yet to make any interpretation of the dry laws worth hearing.

Of the Supreme Court's two opinions, one merits little comment. In the Norris case the court refused to rule on the fundamental issue, settling the case by declaring that Norris' plea of nolo contendere was equivalent to a plea of guilt. In the Farrar case it ruled that the ordinary purchaser of intoxicating liquor does not come within the purview of the prohibition act. Congress, the court assumed, while passing the prohibition act "deliberately and designedly omitted to impose upon the purchaser of liquor for beverage purposes any criminal liability."

Under the Volstead act as now interpreted, the man who imports liquor from Canada breaks the law. The man who cuts it and prepares it for consumption breaks the law. The man who transports it to a speakeasy breaks the law. The man who owns the speakeasy and possesses the liquor breaks the law. The man who sells it breaks the law. But the man who buys it, though the whole sys-

tem depends on him, breaks no law whatever. The Supreme Court's interpretation is obviously sound, but the law interpreted is obviously silly.

## ►► Blue Laws

WEARY OF unprofitable "blue" Sundays, shopkeepers of Trenton, New Jersey, fell in with the plan of movie-theatre proprietors to establish the fact that old

### Remarkable Remarks

The moderate drinker is the great trouble maker.—ELLA A. BOOLE.

One might paraphrase the poet thus:

"A little boozing is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep or taste not the infernal thing."

DR. ERNEST H. CHERRINGTON.

I am not a man who clings greedily to power.—PRESIDENT CHIANG KAI-SHEK.

I like the system of government in the United States chiefly because it is non-democratic. I like the way a President is elected and stays, no matter what the people may think about him.—SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

I was once a public man.—GROVER WHALEN.

I am sorry indeed my official duties prevent me from attending the dinner. I congratulate the Republicans on paying this respect to the memory of Hugo N. Frye, and wish you a most successful occasion.—VICE-PRESIDENT CHARLES CURTIS.

No reader of detective fiction is ever stupid.—S. S. VAN DINE.

It is a rather serious job, this business of directing motion pictures.—CECIL B. DE MILLE.

My next step will be to make a purely intellectual film, although I don't intend to attempt that in the United States.—SERGE M. EISENSTEIN.

laws of conduct cannot be enforced in the twentieth century. So readily, in fact, that for several Sabbaths the atmosphere of the town has been transformed from blue to bright red.

Gasoline stations, news stands, confectionery, delicatessen, grocery, and tobacco stores, and eleven movie theatres opened their doors and did brisk Sunday trade. Smoking lawlessly purchased after-dinner cigars, citizens stayed awake far into the afternoon discussing freedom. In nearby New Brunswick, bread and rolls bootlegged into town for Sunday purchase were riotously buttered. There was, figuratively, dancing in the streets. In the midst of the

confusion, police officials circled methodically with pads and pencils, noting, for presentation to the Grand Jury, the names and addresses of every one found giving or accepting money for goods, playing baseball or golf, or operating motor buses, passenger trains or street cars. They did not molest persons caught indulging in "servile labor, fiddling or other music for the sake of merriment, playing of football, fives, ninepins, bowls, long bullets or quoits," though under the code passed in 1798 "for suppressing vice and immorality" these pastimes are also prohibited on Sunday.

Sunday movies are the root of the matter. Ministers leading the opposition to the blue-law rebellion admit that they have no particular objection to Sunday sales by delicatessen shops and other such establishments. Nor are they seriously aiming to prohibit Sunday sports. They wish only to close motion picture theatres, which are a menace to attendance at church. The answer of theatre proprietors is that they cannot legally be discriminated against. If one blue law stands, the entire code stands, and persons found guilty of three violations may be indicted by the Grand Jury.

Whether Trenton's blue-minded citizens can compel authorities to enforce the ancient statute against theatres alone remains to be seen. If they can do so now, probably they cannot do so for long. Theatre-going on Sunday belongs with those matters which should be regulated only by individual inclination.

## ►► In Brief

"8,000 'JAKE PARALYSIS' CASES in Mississippi, Says Dr. Doran"—newspaper headline. Add overwhelming blessings of prohibition . . . "Do not be afraid of being called a radical," says Senator Borah to American youth. Except, of course, dear youth, in presidential years . . . Now that all other dry charges against the *Literary Digest* poll have been exploded, there remains one clinching reason why it misrepresents public sentiment. Our prohibitionist friends intend to advance this reason with considerable force, just as soon as they can think of it . . . American Federation of Labor reports for May show very little improvement in employment. Some of the more radical workers still seem unwilling to forget their wages and be satisfied with hopeful statements from Washington . . . "France today," declares Premier Tardieu, "is in a posi-

tion which frees her both from the need to fear or to boast." Or, to translate it out of diplomatic language, France today, declares Premier Tardieu, could polish off Italy one hand, and, if Mr.

Mussolini doubts it, just let him start something . . . Scientists at the Lowell Observatory have christened the new planet "Pluto." Beg pardon, but water name!

## Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE WOULD NOT for the world speak rashly or irreverently of the Supreme Court of the United States, but we rejoice to report certain decisions and *obiter dicta* which suggest that the honorable judges have paid close heed to senatorial attacks upon their collective conduct. A legal expert might advance other reasons for the trend which has astonished us, but we prefer to think the great wind in the Senate during the Hughes and Parker debates has tempered the robed justices.

On the last few Mondays the court has handed down opinions which almost convince us that it has gone liberal. Indeed, we understand that a veteran attaché, at the close of one day's session, expressed the feeling comment that "This is revolution!" We also hear that a certain illustrious labor lawyer emerged from the dark, monastic chamber after a pleading to remark that it was "the tamest court he had ever appeared before."

There have been numerous significant decisions involving public utilities, states' rights and the court's jurisdiction—the very questions which figured in the Senate debates. In the North Dakota railroad case, for instance, Chief Justice Hughes barred the issuance of federal injunctions designed to prevent a state commission from regulating intrastate rates. In *Western Cartridge Company vs. Illinois Justice Butler*, a well known conservative, held that a state franchise tax was valid, even though it imposed a small burden on the complaining corporation's interstate commerce. Mr. Butler considered the burden to be "too remote and indirect" to be of consequence.

In several instances we thought we detected Olympian irony in the court's action and statements. There was, to our mind, delightful humor in Chief Justice Hughes' opinion in the Oklahoma cotton ginning controversy. He held, in brief, that distribution of

profits by co-operative ginning corporations did not constitute illegal rebating because private companies, if they felt so inclined, might also return profits to customers! Since this was obviously a piece of reasoning designed to escape the implications of an earlier decision striking at the whole co-operative movement, it revealed the court's recognition that changing economic conditions required an elastic, if not an acrobatic, interpretation of the law.



Courtesy Boston Evening Transcript

Right to buy, wrong to sell

There was, we suspect, some slight sarcasm in the terms of the decision by which Justice Holmes barred the sale of alcoholic accessories. The Capital is still chuckling over his assertion that, despite conflicting decisions on this question, they must all bow before the "afflatus" of the dry laws. Even though he suggested that the prohibition statutes must be interpreted "loosely," we imagine so precise a scholar as Mr. Holmes derived more than a philological

pleasure from using this word of all those that were his to command.

Justice Stone also perpetrated a judicial jest. In repudiating a power company's contention that a certain statute authorized it to abandon a trolley line not showing a profit, he expressed a rather low opinion of our legislative system.

"The very fact that legislative acts of this character," he said, "are commonly prepared by those interested in the benefits to be derived from them . . . has firmly established the rule that they must be strictly construed, and that any ambiguity or doubt as to their meaning and purpose must be resolved in the public interest."

We do not like to differ from the distinguished jurist, but we think there is support for the argument that ambiguities involving charters and con-

tracts between communities and public utilities are, as often as not, dissolved in the private interest.

We do not mean to suggest that the court caters in a servile way to public or senatorial opinion. Nor do we advance the idea that these decisions were based on any consideration other than the facts and the law. What we like to think, on the basis of the aforementioned evidence, is that the high court is coming down from the judicial mountain peaks upon which it has been so long ensconced. For the benefit of those who take alarm at such a thought, as well as those who were shocked by the Senate's rough treatment of the court, we think it worth while to give more general distribution to a remarkable dissent delivered by Justice Holmes on May 26 and concurred in by Justices Stone and Brandeis:

"I have not yet adequately expressed the more than anxiety that I feel at the ever-increasing scope given to the 14th Amendment in cutting down what I believe to be the constitutional rights of the states. As the decisions now stand, I see hardly any limit but the sky to the invalidating of those rights if they happen to strike a majority of this court as for any reason unreasonable. I cannot believe that the amendment was intended to give us *carte blanche* to embody our economic or moral beliefs in its prohibitions. Yet I can think of no narrower reason that seems to me to justify the present and earlier decisions to which I have referred." A. F. C.

## ➤➤ Advice to Wets ◀◀

*By the Editors*



In his Memorial Day address at Gettysburg, President Hoover pleaded for tolerance and for restraint of passion as ideals much needed at the present time. Most people, we imagine, will apply his words to the prohibition controversy and urge their enemies to take the advice to heart. Tolerance and restraint are admirable qualities—particularly if displayed by an adversary. On one's own part—human nature being what it is—they are usually taken for granted. Napoleon considered himself the most tolerant and restrained of men in his conduct toward the crowned heads of Europe. Bishop Cannon would probably be amazed if some one accused him of any lack of tolerance or restraint. So would Dr. Clarence True Wilson. So would Senator Heflin. And no Wet lives, we assert, who does not look upon himself as a model by comparison with his enemies.

Truth is, of course, it is the possession of other qualities, in addition to these, which makes men victorious in conflict, whether the battle be one of bullets or votes, and the prohibition controversy, at the present time, bids fair to be the most bitter American political struggle since slavery. Tolerance and a fine restraint may counsel it. They alone will not end it. For that, other things are needed.

➤➤ **TO THE WETS**—among whom we number ourselves—we recommend at the outset the solid old-fashioned virtues of courage, honesty and loyalty. Every day sees an increasing number of responsible men and women following the lead of Dwight W. Morrow and coming out flat-footedly for the Wet cause. Many of these will find that it requires courage merely to accept the label "Wet" and make it a party synonym for moderation, temperance and self-control. For prohibitionists will lose no opportunity to repeat the falsehood that the Wets wish to restore the saloon. They will lose no opportunity to identify the Wets with the evils of liquor. They will conveniently and consistently forget that those same evils, many times magnified under prohibition, are precisely what the Wets are fighting. Let such men and women remember that Lincoln was no Abolitionist. That label was forced upon him by enemies who hoped the word would destroy him. For centuries Christian was an adjective of contempt in ancient Rome. If Wet now is a convenient term for those anti-prohibitionists who hope to bring about an intelligent and constructive solution of the present evil, then Wet it is. Wet we are.

➤➤ **THE NEXT NECESSITY** is honesty. Drinking Drys or wishy-washy Wets will never solve this problem, as it begins to enter our elections and knock at the doors of our legislatures. Honesty of opinion alone will point the way out of the confusion. It is true that prohibition can be modified by various means without repealing the Eighteenth Amendment. Some admirable ways have already been suggested to improve

the situation. But all such measures, even if adopted, are merely steps upon the way to a solution. No new, complete national method of control can be tried until the Eighteenth Amendment has been repealed and the foundations cleared for another legal structure, different in form because different in principle. No matter what political steps become necessary as progress is made, repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment will remain as the goal—the cleared ground upon which to build the house of genuine temperance.

With this in mind, let all who shrink from the task of beginning over again remember that the price of liberty and democracy is precisely the same today as it ever was. Prohibition has had one magnificent result. It has abolished the saloon. If the speakeasy has taken its place, if liquor has flooded levels and classes of society it never touched before, if savagery and barbarism have made their appearance side by side with our civilization, if tyranny has invaded our original Bill of Rights, and corruption, murder and hypocrisy have become commonplaces of American life—then these are the evils which the Wets must cure. Nevertheless, the old saloon system of the brewers is gone forever. We start one step higher.

➤➤ **IT IS CLEAR**, however, that we will never make any start worth mentioning without the third virtue of the trinity: loyalty. One of the few admirable qualities of present-day prohibitionists is their loyalty to their cause. Republicans and Democrats alike look to the Anti-Saloon League. Republican and Democrat Drys, alike, vote dry. To the simon-pure Dry, prohibition is the predominant, overshadowing political issue. To the sincere Wet, it must become the predominant, overshadowing political issue also.

Many Democrats are already committed to an uncompromising wet stand. Many Republicans, within their own party, have made a respectable beginning in New York, New Jersey, Washington and Pennsylvania. In Illinois James Hamilton Lewis, Democrat, deserves the support of all Wets, Republicans as well as Democrats, and we hope he will get it. In New Jersey Dwight W. Morrow, Republican, deserves the support of all Wets, Democrats as well as Republicans, and we hope he will get it. Generally speaking, the temptation to abandon old party loyalties when it means defeating a Dry of one's own party affiliations is going to be the severest test the anti-prohibitionists will have to meet. But they will have to meet it. No practical sane man can consider the Anti-Saloon League, its members, its history and its leaders, and reach any other conclusion.

Our advice to the Wets is this. Be courageous. Be honest. Be loyal. Vote Wet.

*The Editors.*

## ➤ War on the Book Front ◀◀

By HARRY HANSEN

THE AIR of quiet and calm that pervades the average bookstore had prevailed for three days at the convention of the American Booksellers' Association in the Hotel Pennsylvania a fortnight ago. Such alarming topics as how to make an effective window display, how to sell books on gardening in February and on Arctic exploration in June had failed to ruffle the poise of the members. Even a debate on phases of suppression and censorship, although energetically applauded, had not caused any one to miss a meal. Suddenly, out of a clear sky, a bombshell burst. It was nothing more or less than the announcement that publishers were cutting prices and that hereafter all novels would sell for \$1.

As a matter of fact only half a dozen publishers were involved, and their announcements were such that detailed examination of what they promised was necessary. But they were rushing telegrams to the newspapers and the tip was hot. That elusive individual known as the Average Reader may be much more interested in the threatened reduction of prices for the first ten rows of the orchestra. But to understand the repercussion among the booksellers he will have to visualize certain changes which have been going on in the book world during a year which has seemed to booksellers like one of the seven famines of Egypt.

Books have had a bad winter; novels have languished in the bookstores; the bookseller has extended his credit and been late with his payments; huge lists of novels presented by salesmen have won only a disinterested smile and a shrug in the direction of bulging shelves. But in the drug stores, business has been rushing. For here were displayed innumerable books at \$1—popular fiction, as well as non-fiction, reprinted from higher-priced publications, remainders from publishers' stock, and quaint variations such as Chic Sale's *The*

*Specialist*, which is said to have passed into the hands of the public to the tune of nearly a million copies.

PUBLISHERS have been talking lower-priced books for months. When the turn of the year brought no hope for \$2 fiction, and only \$1 books moved across the counters, predictions were renewed that if the public could get new fiction at \$1 it would read it avidly. It has always been an axiom in the publishing trade that no matter how depressed business conditions may be in steel, motor cars or jewelry, trade is always good in books. Over and over again this year I heard arguments that the man who could not afford to buy his wife a diamond brooch could still make her happy by presenting her with her favorite author bound in red with gold stamp at \$2.50. Even this hope vanished with the months, for father seemed to have been so badly burned in the late crash that he preferred his \$2.50 for other uses. This helped make \$1 a sensation.

Only six publishing houses out of eighty-seven now issuing books regularly in New York City are making the reductions that have so stirred the trade and the imagination of the public, and none of the houses outside of New York City—including the important Boston

firms and those of Philadelphia, Indianapolis and Chicago, have joined the "price war." But the list includes the second-largest publisher in the country, Doubleday, Doran & Co., an organization of wide scope which is said to have had a successful year in spite of the general depression. The other houses making reductions of various kinds are Farrar and Rinehart, Coward-McCann, Simon and Schuster, Alfred H. King, and Albert and Charles Boni. Firm like a rock stands the great house of Macmillan, which issues nearly 800 titles a year; Houghton, Mifflin Co., Little, Brown & Co., the Bobbs Merrill Company, D. Appleton and Co., E. P. Dutton & Co., Harcourt, Brace & Co., Alfred A. Knopf and the rest of the eighty-two not affected by the changes. At least not yet.

Inasmuch as the houses are not agreed in their plans here is the specific statement of what each plans to do:

Doubleday, Doran & Co.—Will make radical price reductions all along its line, selling popular novels at \$1, and reducing prices also on biography, history and works of science, without cheapening the books. All stories of the Crime Club will sell at \$1. This becomes effective June 20. This house uses many different means of distribution—booksellers, its own chain of subsidiary stores and all agencies that sell books. Its announcement of price reduction does not exclude the publication of books at higher prices than \$1. Ostensibly the firm will publish a complete line at whatever prices are necessary to win the custom.

Coward - McCann, Inc.—Beginning July 18 this firm will publish "premier fiction," novels which will sell at \$1.50. The bookseller will have the privilege of returning all unsold copies at the end of three months, paying one-half the carriage charges. Re-orders are not accepted under this arrangement. The fiction will be first quality. Coward-



Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

Lithograph by Mabel Dwight

McCann will not sell books at \$1 and will not use drug stores and "secondary outlets," nor go in for mass production.

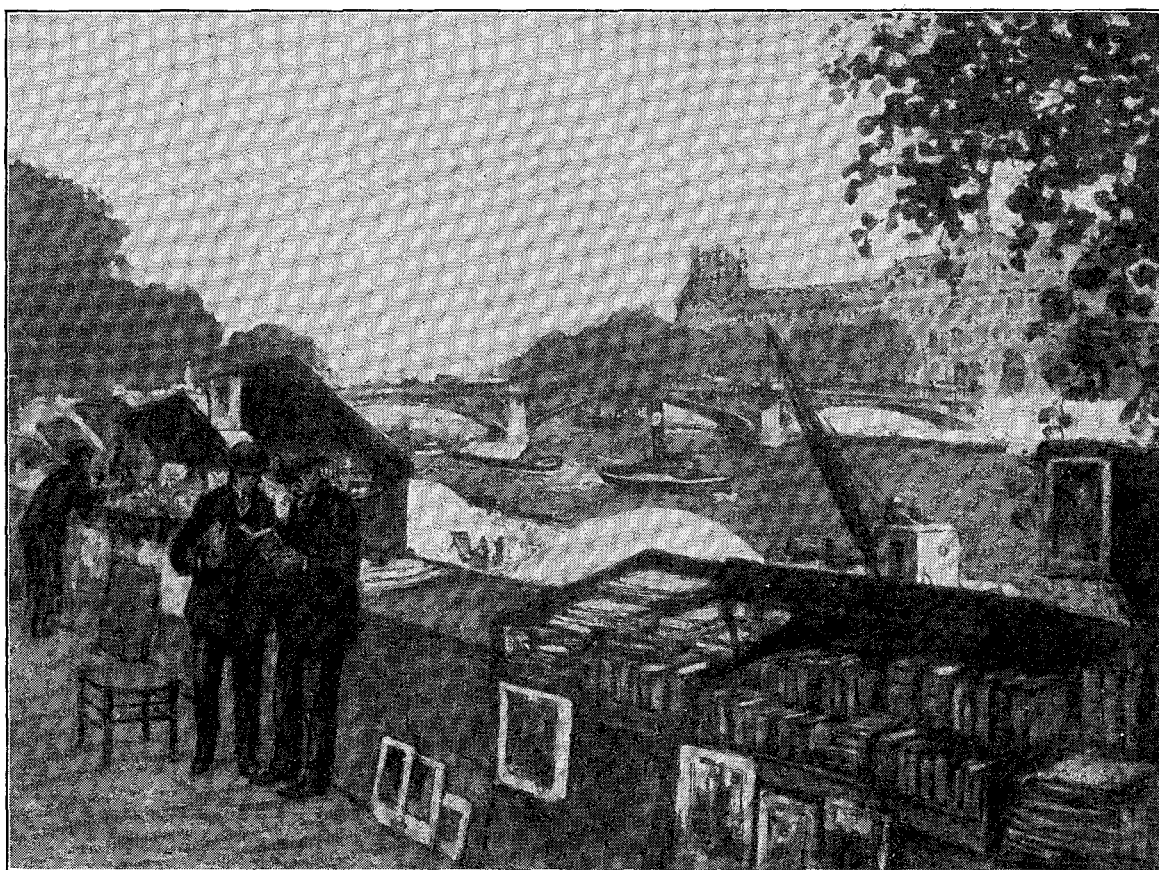
**Simon & Schuster**—This house, which had ten best sellers out of twenty-seven books published in 1929, will issue all its one-volume fiction at \$1 in flexible paper boards, the typography and format designed by Dwiggins. The best available fiction will be used.

**Farrar and Rinehart**—Beginning May 26 this house established a line of \$1 fiction, which will be published in addition to "more serious type of fiction and non-fiction" at a higher price. The titles announced thus far are reprintings of books sold at higher prices this spring, such as *Young Man of Manhattan* and *The Door*, but new novels will also be issued.

**Albert & Charles Boni**—Announces new books with paper covers at fifty cents each beginning June 10. Booksellers will have the same discounts as on higher priced books with "full exchange privilege on all books they have been unable to sell." Emphasis is on the bookstores rather than on drug stores.

**Alfred H. King**—Will start a new line of \$1.50 first novels in the fall, in addition to his other fiction.

Two of the houses in this list are less than a year old. Farrar and Rinehart were established on June 6, 1929 and issued their first list of books the succeeding fall. Alfred H. King is the youngest publisher in two directions—both he and his house have many years before them. The Farrar & Rinehart list is already long and important, especially in the field of fiction. The King list has been made up chiefly of translations from the German, but specialization is not sought. One of the members of A. and C. Boni, Charles Boni, has given his imprint to Paper Books, the method by which new books



Courtesy Kleemann-Thorman Galleries

An etching by Lambrecht

were sold in paper covers to subscribers. The club is supposed to have 50,000 readers.

The term mass production of books has been associated chiefly with the house of Doubleday, Doran & Co., probably because its development within the last few years has enabled it to meet all the demands that might be placed upon a publishing house in America. The ownership of a complete publishing plant has long become an economic impossibility for most of the American publishers. The ground rentals, the high wages demanded by the typothetae and kindred organizations on the mechanical side, and the impossibility of keeping a plant running twenty-four hours a day in all departments has brought about contract publishing. The old house of Harper, which for years had its own plant in Franklin Square, now possesses a handsome modern office building on East Thirty-Third Street but its presswork is done by contract with printers who may be printing the books of another firm on an adjoining press. This is one reason why publishers have increased. A publisher no longer needs a plant, but principally a distributing system.

In spite of this Doubleday, Doran & Co., has managed a great plant success-

fully, and has acquired another great plant in England. Doubleday, Doran & Co. has its home plant in Garden City, Long Island. It owns the controlling interest in William Heinemann, Ltd., of London, and has built the Windmill Press at Kingswood, Surrey, England, to print its books. It maintains a large executive office in New York City and an office in London which occupies the house at 99 Great Russell Street once famous as the residence of Topham Beauclerk and Lady Diana Beauclerk, in which Samuel Johnson was often a guest. It has developed its own system of chain bookstores, of which there are fourteen in New York City, closely concentrated in the Pennsylvania and Grand Central terminal areas, and eight outside of New York. It has already been successful in marketing the Star Library of \$1 books, and initiated the "line" of reprints of non-fiction which has been so successful in this dismal winter. In launching a new list of fiction at \$1 it is really only adding logically to its distribution. The comment heard often around bookseller headquarters last week was: "Well, Doubleday, Doran is the one house that can market \$1 books."

The whole scheme of reduced prices  
(Please Turn to Page 233)

## ⇒ We Depend on "Abroad" ⇐

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

**E**ACH MONTH of the current year has witnessed a substantial decline in both our exports and our imports, as compared with the corresponding period of 1929. By the end of April the cumulative decrease from the preceding year amounted to twenty-one per cent in the value of both outgoing and incoming goods. Part of this shrinkage is due to the decline in commodity prices. The general price level in the United States is six or seven per cent lower than it was twelve months ago, and the trend has been downward also in other countries. The principal reason, however, for this slackening in our foreign commerce is the recession in business activity throughout the world. Some observers maintain that this recession is itself due to the decline in prices and thus attribute the whole of the recent economic depression to a single cause.

To enter into a discussion of this point would take us too far afield. Suffice it to say that the business slump of 1929-30 has been world-wide, and that because of it the United States has been selling less to other countries and also buying less from them. To find a period in which the value of exports in the first four months of the year has been so small as it was this year, it is necessary to go back to 1924, and to find a period in which imports have been less it is necessary to go back to 1922.

It may be worth noting that such a drop in imports does not indicate the elimination of foreign competition and the consumption of a correspondingly larger quantity of domestic goods. The bulk of our imports today consists of articles which do not compete with our home products. These are mostly food-stuffs and raw materials from tropical or subtropical regions, such as coffee, cocoa, rubber, cane sugar, bananas, tea and silk. If our purchases of such materials fall off sharply this is a certain indication that all is not going well in the United States, and that industrial output, employment and purchasing power are subnormal.

On the other hand, any big gain in imports in coming months may be regarded as an indicator of reviving business. Those who are watching and waiting for signs of improvement would do well, therefore, to keep an eye on the data of foreign trade. An increase in the inflow of raw materials will show that manufacturers are preparing to

speed up their operations, and heavier imports of other goods will reflect an improvement in general purchasing power and indicate that recovery is on the way, if not already an assured fact.

**B**ANKERS and economists have been predicting for a long time that certain changes in our trade with the rest of the world are bound to take place because of our new rôle as the greatest creditor nation. They have maintained that if we wish to continue our large export trade we shall have to buy more from our foreign debtors or from their customers, and that the time will come when restrictions on our imports will prove to be a severe handicap to our exports. But as months and years have gone by since this prediction was first made, and our annual surplus of exports over imports in the meantime has sometimes amounted to as much as a billion dollars, this forecast has heretofore attracted little attention, notwithstanding the fact that it is based on an elementary principle of economics.

What has actually happened is that the results forecast by the bankers and economists have been delayed rather than evaded. It is possible that we are at last beginning to experience some of the changes they have predicted. In any event, there are a number of reasons why the changes have been retarded. In the first place, our foreign customers have been able to pay us in part with gold rather than with goods. They have sent us close to two billion dollars in gold since the World War.

This gold alone did not suffice to pay for the surplus of our exports over imports. We were also paid in part with services of one sort or another. Foreign shipping companies, for example, have supplied us with ocean freight and passenger service, and foreign railways and hotels have been rendering services to American tourists.

These various services plus the shipments of gold and merchandise have still not sufficed, however, to pay for the goods which we have sold abroad. Instead of paying us in full for what we have sold to them our customers have been going in debt to us. The data of foreign loans placed in the United States support this conclusion. Since

1923 these loans have averaged more than a billion dollars per year, and the total foreign indebtedness to this country, exclusive of the War loans contracted by the Allied governments, now amounts to the impressive sum of sixteen billions.

Without this borrowing, our export trade would not have attained the huge volume of recent years, unless the United States in this period had greatly increased its imports. The foreign loans have enabled this country to enjoy the best export trade in its history, while at the same time maintaining restrictions on imports. In effect, they have created a new outlet for the products of American labor and have counteracted the effects on labor of a restrictive trade policy. Yet, strange to say, some of the bitterest critics of these foreign loans have been spokesmen for organized labor. They cherish the mistaken notion that if the capital lent abroad had been employed at home there would be more jobs available for American wage-earners. Apparently they overlook the fact that one of the greatest drags on the prosperity of the worker today is overproduction, with consequent shut-downs and part-time, and that if the money lent abroad were used in this country merely to enlarge existing plants it would only make a bad matter worse.

**W**HILE THE recent slump in our exports is due to the impaired purchasing power of foreign buyers, this impairment was possibly intensified by the fact that they were unable in 1929 to obtain credit on favorable terms in any financial market because of the enormous diversion of funds into the New York stock market during the speculative boom. Since the collapse of that boom and the general lowering of interest rates, foreign borrowing has been resumed. The total of such financing during the first quarter of the current year amounted to \$280,000,000. This shows that it has been resumed on the scale which prevailed before the great bull market began to monopolize the supply of credit. Unless the new trade restrictions planned by the present Congress prove an offsetting influence, the buying power of the borrowing countries should improve, and our foreign trade and domestic business should be increased accordingly.

## ►► The Stream of Business ◄◄

### ►► Dividends—Ohio Style

**A**FTER several weeks of exile, the word "merger" reappears on this page. This is due to an interesting development in the Youngstown-Bethlehem situation, with the stockholders divided into two classes according to the time-honored sheep and goat formula.

On May 23 the directors of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company declared the regular quarterly dividend of \$1.37½ a share on the preferred stock and \$1.25 on the common, both payable on July 1 to holders of record of June 20. The joker in the pack was an announcement that payments will not be made to stockholders who dissented from the plan to sell the company to the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Thus about 300,000 shares of common stock which were voted against the merger plan will not participate in the disbursement. This arrangement is possible under the laws of the state of Ohio.

Cyrus S. Eaton of Cleveland, leader of the anti-merger group, assures the excluded stockholders that they will not lose a penny, because if the deal falls through the stock will at once be restored to full privileges and receive the dividend. If a fair cash value of the stock is fixed by court order, says Mr. Eaton, the dissenting stockholders are entitled to receive interest from the date of the stockholders' meeting which approved the merger. In view of the large number of other merger projects now pending, the outcome of this dividend and no-dividend contraption will be watched with keen interest.

### ►► Wrong Number, Please

TELEPHONE USERS, being human, are wont to dwell on the imperfections of telephone service and to under-appraise the net results of the invention as a factor in business and personal communication.

We have, in these United States, about 59 per cent of all the telephones in the world. Europe has 28 per cent and all other countries 13 per cent. In wire mileage, we register 69,130,000, as against 11,504,000 for Germany, 7,900,000 for Great Britain and 3,982,867 for Canada. Of our cities, San Francisco has, and has had for some time, the largest number of instruments per 100

By FRANK A. FALL

of population. Washington comes next, followed by Chicago, Seattle, Omaha and New York. The largest number of telephones in a single city is 1,702,889

### INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

**Commodity Prices** (Fisher's Index—1926=100)  
May 31—87.8. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) May 31—80.1.

**Car Loadings** (American Railway Assn.) Week ended May 17—930,004 cars (reduction of 3,927 under preceding week and of 116,590 under same week of 1929).

**Steel Ingot Production** Week ended May 24—73.5% of capacity (reduction of 1.5% under preceding week and of 21.5% under same week of 1929).

**Crude Oil Production** Week ended May 24—daily average gross 2,579,500 barrels (decrease of 28,400 under preceding week).

**Grain Exports** Month of April, 1930—5,739,000 bushels (increase of 696,000 over March, 1930; decrease of 3,770,000 under April, 1929).

**Bank Clearings** (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended May 29—\$7,599,961,000 (reduction of 22.5% under same week of 1929).

**Failures** (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Five days ended May 28—416 (reduction of 64 under preceding week; increase of 42 over five-day period ending May 29, 1929).

in New York, Chicago holding second place with 942,015. London has 626,714, Berlin 472,018 and Paris 341,863.

As for the quality of the service, no telephone company would be brash enough to insist that it is perfect. The companies may fairly claim, however, that it is steadily improving. And it would get better fast if subscribers and other users would give the operators a little more intelligent co-operation. A single bad habit,—that of calling numbers from memory instead of referring to a telephone book or list,—slows up the service tremendously. If all the offenders on this count were laid end to end, it would be a splendid thing. That suggestion, however, is perhaps too severe. Excuse it, please.

### ►► Unemployment Insurance?

AMERICAN ECONOMISTS, including many of those who told President Hoover that they didn't think so much of the Grundy tariff, are making an earnest study of the unemployment problem, and not a few of them are of the opinion that sooner or later we shall have to follow the lead of several European countries and set up some sort of a

system of unemployment insurance.

At a recent meeting of the American Statistical Association Professor Paul H. Douglas of Swarthmore presented the results of a survey of four major industries,—manufacturing, transportation, construction and mining. The survey covered 13,000,000 employees, and showed that unemployment averaging 10 per cent has been a permanent feature of these industries over a period of 36 years.

The annual payroll for these groups is estimated to be close to twenty billion dollars. To guarantee a coverage of 40 per cent for the earnings of the unemployed in these groups would cost, according to estimates made by Dr. Douglas, about \$800,000,000 a year. His suggestion is that the cost of financing this insurance scheme should be shared equally by employers and employees.

This is, as we all know only too well, a gigantic problem. It will not be settled tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. When, as and if it comes to a head, charges of paternalism and state socialism are sure to be made. And then the solution should be fairly simple. All the objectors will have to do is to suggest something easier and better.

### ►► First Aid for Retailers

IN *Retailing Tomorrow* (Dry Goods Economist \$5.00) John Guernsey, vice-president of a group of department stores on the Pacific Coast, records his personal experience in management and promotion and his view of the future of retailing.

An attractive feature of this book is its gallery of portraits of the great merchandisers, — Marshall Field, John Wanamaker, Isidor Straus, John T. Pirie, Samuel W. Reyburn of Lord & Taylor, E. C. Sams of the J. C. Penney Co., and many others. The illustrations include also views of the buildings which house our leading department and chain store enterprises.

Mr. Guernsey offers many practical suggestions to independent retailers. The one which should impress them most has to do with their mental attitude toward competition,—that they should substitute the word "lesson" for "menace" in their contemplation of the chain store. This advice embodies, to crib from Pope, both good nature and good sense.

# ►► The Leisure Arts ◀◀

## Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

### The Week's Reading

IF THE Book of the Month Club could persuade all its subscribers to read, and could help them to understand, Everett Dean Martin's *Liberty* (Norton \$3), it would make a contribution to the cause of education in this country. This invaluable book is to be the subject of an article in the body of this magazine in a forthcoming issue, so it will not be reviewed here. What the pseudonymous author of *King Mob* in part tried and in chief failed to do in that book is done in this one. This book is as easy to read as a newspaper. It should be impossible for any mature mind to misunderstand it. It is not an attack on the machine age or an anti-prohibition tract. It is a history of Liberty, and a simple and clear explanation of what it is and what it is not. Describing first the confusion of American liberalism, it makes its contribution toward its clarification by discussing the Athenian conception of liberty, the contribution of Christianity to the cause of liberty, the liberalizing influences of the Renaissance, the attitude of Voltaire and the English liberals in the Age of Reason, Rousseau and the romantic ideas of liberty, "Liberty and Tolerance," "Freedom and Power," and "Freedom as a Moral Issue." "Once," says Mr. Martin, "the lover of liberty was obliged to resist the tyrant, and set up, in defense of freedom, the rule of the people. Today, the growing enemy of liberty is precisely this rule of the people." The trend of modern civilization is toward that wholesale organization which destroys individual initiative and produces a tyranny of mediocrity. The intelligent man has certain human responsibilities. Here, where "the delusion has long persisted that people may enjoy the liber-

ties of the civilized man without having first attained the civilized man's attitude toward life" his greatest responsibility is toward that freedom which he knows to be synonymous with wisdom and goodness and which is now in greater danger than it has ever been in the long story of civilization.



"IT LOOKED AS THOUGH IT WAS GOING TO BE AN INTERESTING EVENING"

From "The Facts of Life" by H. W. Hanemann  
(Farrar and Rinehart)

In *Some Mariners of France*, (Putnam \$3.50), Meade Minnegerode tells the grand story of Frenchmen at sea. We think so much more often of France's land frontiers than of her coastline that it is easy to forget that the French have always been seamen. Minnegerode begins his story with a rough sketch of Armorica, the Brittany of Caesar's day, and of how Caesar de-

stroyed the great Armorican ships. But he does not follow France's maritime history chronologically. He divides it, sensibly enough, into districts, so that, after chapters on Sailor Kings and on battle fleets and their commanders, he takes up the exploits of Malouins and Dieppois, Basques and Marseillais. An especially interesting chapter is the one on the French explorers of American coasts and on the Breton fishermen who began to sail across the ocean to the Grand Banks a good hundred years before Columbus discovered America, and who still do it, in those boats that look so frighteningly small from the deck of a liner. And who have always done it as just part of the year's work, too. There are plenty of familiar personages in Mr. Minnegerode's pages: Eustache le Moine, whose name struck terror to English hearts in the thirteenth century, Hervé Riel, and Jean Bart who ran the Dutch-English blockade. And the book is full of rich material. Information of the most stirring, stories of the most picturesque sort crowd its pages. But Mr. Minnegerode tells what he knows in a style marred by the worst tricks of contemporary popular historico-biographical writing. And readers who like a simple, orderly style will probably share this reviewer's regret that so interesting a book should be so badly written.

You have heard and we have heard of Bali, the volcanic island in the Dutch East Indies. A few years ago there was a German book of beautiful photographs of it which one saw often in Paris and sometimes here. People spoke of Bali as paradise, but, as they were mostly lovers of sensation, emotional souls, charmed by vaguely erotic dreams, one mistrusted them. But here in *The Last Paradise* (Cape and Smith \$4.00) Hickman Powell, an intelligent adult,

if not a particularly good writer, has described Bali even as that German book showed it. Except for its subject, his book would be the usual able travel story, with plenty of description and local color. But his way in Bali was made smooth by André Roosevelt, an American who lives there and who contributes an interesting introduction and some photographs. Bali seems indeed the last paradise on earth. It holds the remnant of an ancient and highly developed Eastern culture. And it gives its people, as Mr. Roosevelt says, the conditions which make for a nation of artists: wealth, leisure and the objective of a strong religious faith. The soil of Bali is so fertile that four months of work will make a man rich and give him eight months of leisure. And the religion, "a mixture of Animism and Hinduism," is the center of Balinese life. Mr. Roosevelt hopes to persuade the Dutch government to limit the importation of Western articles into Bali so that it may be protected from the ravages of machine civilization. All who read *The Last Paradise* will hope that he may succeed. For even those of us who can never see Bali will like to remember sometimes that such a place is. Mr. Roosevelt's exquisite photographs present a striking contrast to Alexander King's commonplace illustrations.

An excellent book for the home library and one which, with its charts and sky maps can be put to use summer nights, is *The Great Astronomers* by Dr. Henry Smith Williams (Simon and Schuster \$6). The sub-title, "The Story of the Heavens, Old and New," indicates that the book is not a collection of biographies of astronomers from Ptolemy to Milliken, but a narrative account of star-gazing from primitive days to now. The book is written in a style perfectly easy to follow if you put your mind to it, but it is, praise be, no popular claptrap, designed to give information like castor oil in a large, sweetened, gummy globule. To this reviewer the best chapters are the ones on Alexandrian astronomy, when men learned so much with such meagre mechanical aid. But the Renaissance period is exciting, too, and the story of astronomy's gradual separation from astrology and magic. And, of course, good sensible folks will find the last half of the book, on modern research and discovery, the most valuable.

A useful book for students or for drama clubs and one which will also interest playgoers who ask for more than

uncritically accepted amusement from the theatre is *The Drama in English* by Walter Pritchard Eaton (Scribner's \$2). Believing that plays are meant to be acted, not read, Mr. Eaton discusses each phase in the development of English drama with special reference to the conditions under which the plays were produced when written and to the temper of their contemporary audiences. He gives useful bibliographical notes to each chapter.

The most delightful piece of biographical writing—or historical, for it partakes of history as all good biography must—which we have lately read was received here too late for the detailed review which we should like to give it. It is *Builders of the Bay Colony* by Samuel Eliot Morison (Houghton, Mifflin \$5), a group of essays on the founders of the colony, developed from a series of lectures given before the Lowell Institute. After an introductory chapter on Hakluyt and John Smith, promoters of American colonization, and Morton of Merry-mount, that comic scamp who was such a thorn in the side of the colony, Professor Morison proceeds to write of John White of Dorchester, who, although he never came to New England, spent his life in encouraging others to come; of Governor Winthrop, and his son, the "big business man"; of Nathaniel Ward, lawmaker and wit; of Anne Bradstreet, poetess (of whose work Morison has a higher opinion than is now common); of John Eliot, apostle to the Indians, Thomas Shepard; John Hull, goldsmith, whose love of beauty belies the Puritan tradition; Henry Dunster, president of Harvard; and Robert Child, political liberal. Professor Morison's estimate of the character of the Puritan community will perhaps be called conservative. It seems to us that it is rather both temperate and intelligent. "Piety, patriotism and profit," Professor Morison says, all played their parts in the colonization of New England, but he disagrees with James Truslow Adams' estimate of the relative force of the three motives; and, in an appendix, explains how inevitable such an estimate is today. "It is quite natural that the religious motives of the founders of New England should be questioned, and replaced by the economic. Material success is a motive which the present age can understand, while the mind of a man willing to sacrifice comfort and security in order to worship in a particular way, is to

### "A Colossal Pioneer"

## JOHNSON OF THE MOHAWKS

By Arthur Pound

"Sir William stands here a heroic, wise and hearty Colonial ... The Pound biography is invaluable as one of the succession of honest volumes now disclosing for us the story of early America."—*New York Telegram* \$5.00

### "Amazing Story"

## THE LAST FRONTIER

By Zack T. Sutley

"The whole of the book is fascinating to anyone interested in the old West... There is a simplicity and naturalness which raise the book far above any ordinary writing."—*Arizona Republican* \$3.00

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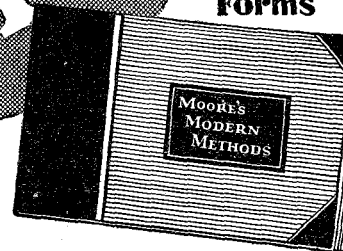
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most people incomprehensible. Similarly, nineteenth century historians often ascribe the Puritan emigration to democracy, republicanism, or political discontent." Every age will re-estimate other ages in its own terms, and Professor Morison's book is especially valuable just now when the word "Puritan" is almost an opprobrious epithet, a synonym for hypocrite. No one can read *Founders of the Bay Colony* without a renewal of interest in and sympathy for the Puritans. And in style it is a model of ease and grace, and goes to show that it is possible to write for popular consumption without pandering to a taste vulgarized by the cheap and nasty tricks of the hack "popularizers."

The same effortless charm and simple poetic style which distinguished *Bambi*, the story of the deer in the Viennese wood, is found in Felix Salten's *Hound of Florence* (Simon and Schuster \$2.50). Readers who were determined to read into *Bambi* a philosophy of life may be able to do the same with this delightful tale. This reviewer could find in the first the doctrine of calm acceptance of life and of the oneness of creation. In the *Hound of Florence* she finds nothing more philosophic than a fantasy upon the old theme of the magic wish, or upon a lovely version, if you like, of legends of lycanthropy. Lucas Grassi, son of a Florentine artist exiled to Vienna, after his father's death longs to go home and study under the great painters there. He is penniless and, with hand unwittingly upon a magic ring, wishes he might go if only as the dog in the Archduke's train. And behold, thenceforward, he is the Archduke's wolfhound one day and a man the next until love and blood break the spell. Salten is acute as well as imaginative, and he knows both men and dogs—perhaps loves dogs most. But it seems to this reviewer a pity to insist upon reading "subtle psychological insight, profound philosophic content" into a tale of unusual delicacy which is quite able to rest upon its poetic and dramatic values.

A. Hamilton Gibbs, author of the popular *Soundings*, and his wife, Jeanette Phillips Gibbs, have novels published this week. Neither book seems to this reviewer to have more than casual entertainment value. Both are smoothly written, competent work. *Chances*, Mr. Gibbs' novel (Little, Brown \$2.50), is

the story of two brothers, an engineer and a lawyer. They fall in love with the same girl and, the engineer being the more sensitive and hesitant about proposing, she accepts the lawyer. Then the War comes, and, eventually, the avowal of love, the misunderstanding between the brothers, and the sacrificial death which solves the problem. As Mr. Gibbs has developed it, there is no more material in the novel than would have sufficed for a short story, and the developments of the plot can be anticipated by any reader. But this author writes pleasantly of likeable people, and is successful with his two young men and their mother. The characters

finished. Her chief character is an artistic ne'er-do-well who lives and loves in Paris. With the qualities of his type, he has made the wrong woman unhappy before the story begins. Before it ends, he makes the right one happy and an honest woman. Other characters are involved, and the home from which each woman comes is clearly described. While doing justice to the great, and useless, selfishness of her chief character, the novelist has not been able to give him (for this reviewer) the saving grace of the loveliness which she evidently found in him.

*One Woman's War* (Macaulay \$2.50) is the anonymous record of the experiences in the War zone of one of the Americans who went to France and did not return in pristine state. Said to be fully authenticated, the narrative has a somewhat more shapely plot than life usually provides. However, we suppose it's true; all except the statement that the authoress is "a member of an aristocratic family." "Tomorrow," she writes, "I shall surely see my lover boy Charley: How weary I am today but my happiness is indescribable. My arms ache to embrace my lover." Even our radio aristocrats don't talk like that. Is this perhaps one of Mr. Macfadden's "True Stories?"

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

*The Adams Family* by James Truslow Adams, published this week by Little, Brown and Co., will be reviewed in the next issue.



Illustration by Lynd Ward in Alec Waugh's "Hot Countries" (Farrar and Rinehart)

of the boys are well differentiated and each arouses interest and sympathy. This reviewer found the first part of the novel which describes the life of the two English boys in a French boarding school vivid, amusing and touching. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs open their stories with scenes in a French seaport, and in each novel there is a good deal of chess played. Otherwise the books are not alike. Mrs. Gibbs' theme is more ambitious, her execution less

### The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

#### For Week-End Reading

Detective: *The Best English Detective Stories of 1929*: Liveright.  
 Novel: *The Hound of Florence*, by Felix Salten: Simon and Schuster.  
 Biography: *Builders of the Bay Colony*, by Samuel Eliot Morison: Houghton, Mifflin.  
 Miscellaneous: *Liberty*, by Everett Dean Martin: Norton.

### Behind the Blurbs

AND while new books at a dollar are being announced by several publishers, the eighty cent classics of Everyman's Library are appearing in brand new and very tidy jackets in celebration of the passing of the 25 million mark in Everyman sales. Ten new jackets, the result of a contest in which more than 1200 designs were submitted. These neat and nicely turned out Everymans don't have to worry. Eight hundred and fifty of them, and the sales average a million yearly. This ought to please Mr. Sumner, who remarked in a speech not long ago that much of modern literature was "a flood of depravity." \*\*\* On June 10 the following will be added to the Everyman's Library: *Moll Flanders*, *Peregrine Pickle*, Vol. 2 of

(Please turn to Page 228)

## ►► The Open Mind ◀◀

*As interpreted and illustrated in recent books on education and related subjects*

**E**XTRAORDINARY good luck has sent to the reviewer on this occasion several books well worth reading because they give expression to a heretofore inarticulate conviction, or because they arouse sharp resentment, or because they stimulate original thinking.

The first and smallest and best, entitled *John Dewey, The Man and His Philosophy* (Harvard University Press), contains the addresses delivered in New York in October, 1929, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. *The Awakening College* (Norton) is by Clarence Cook Little, one-time assistant dean of Harvard College, then president of the University of Maine, and lately president of the University of Michigan. *The New Education in Europe* (Dutton) by Frederick William Roman, appears in a second edition, revised and enlarged. The last and most readable, entitled *The Dangers of Obedience and Other Essays* (Harpers) by Harold J. Laski, professor of Political Science in the University of London, deals, in three of the "other essays," with the relation of the university teacher and student, the academic mind, and foundations, universities, and research.

Professor Laski demands of us more courage in refusing to acquiesce in what we know to be wrong, careless self-expression, loyalty—but a healthy loyalty, active and critical, not passive or complacent. While he cites instances impartially from many nations, it is not difficult to see that it is in America, where he has lived and taught long enough to know us, that he finds the most ominous danger of the sort of obedience, inertia, and lethargy which suppress freedom and breed tyranny. Silence in the face of such injustice as the imprisonment of Mooney for sixteen years, and the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, is more damning evidence of the standardization of opinion, of meek obedience to authority, acceptance of opinions without examination, merely because they come from respectable authority, than can readily be adduced from other civilized countries; and if Laski were to say this, as he does not, he would be within the truth.

And yet, "in the profoundest sense John Dewey is the philosopher of Amer-

ica." How can this be? Professor George H. Mead, who ends his study of Royce, James, and Dewey with the declaration just quoted, finds that the most important characteristic of American life is precisely "the freedom, within certain rather rigid but very wide boundaries, to work out immediate politics and business with no reverential sense of a pre-existing social order within which they must take their place and whose values they must preserve." This is our "individualism, perhaps uncouth, but unafraid." The problem is to secure constructive criticism of this individualism. The essays by Dewey's students and colleagues help to resolve the paradox of Laski's indictment.

Dewey himself, in responding to the addresses, remarked that the greatest enemy to what is attainable in happiness in the life of human beings is the attitude of fear. By this he means not so much conscious fear, in the ordinary sense, as "an attitude of withdrawal, an attitude of exclusiveness which shuts out the beauties and the troubles of experience." He might have added: an attitude of conformity, of obedience, of silence, where protest and criticism would have been appropriate. This attitude of fear, Dewey says, "can be expelled only by the power of another and more positive attitude and emotion, that of going out to and welcoming all of the incidents of a changing experience, even those which in themselves are troublesome." This attitude Dewey calls the open mind, by which he does not wish to suggest a vacant mind, but a "positive attitude of interest, so far as one's limitations do at times permit, in all of the concerns of our common humanity."

Between Laski's defense of the "academic mind" and Little's debunking of the "professional scholar" there is much in common. The one upholds a fine tradition with brilliant irony; the other exposes a bad tradition without mercy. Both writers know their subjects. Both reveal to the reader of academic experience the scars of conflicts in which they have engaged. Both express opinions on specific subjects to which equally thoughtful educators might not subscribe. Both have things of significant import to say; and both have the gift of incisive and even brilliant phrase.

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Dr. Roman reviews with critical sympathy the seven great educational systems in Europe: Great Britain, "pursuing quite an independent route from anything that is going on anywhere on the continent;" France, "still following the humanistic tradition;" Germany, Austria, Scandinavia, Italy, and Russia. The volume will help those who desire to cultivate an open mind, in Dewey's sense, a "positive attitude of interest in all of the concerns of our common humanity." The mind thus open will want much more information than this volume in itself gives, especially on Fascist Italy and Soviet Russia.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

## Behind the Blurbs

(Continued from Page 226)

*Jacobean and Restoration Shorter Novels*, Lessing's *Laocoon*, *Minor Poets of the XVIII Century*, *The Decameron*, *Heimskringla*, Marx' *Capital* and Richard Jefferies' *Bevis*. Come to think of it, there are a couple of titles in that lot that Mr. Sumner might take exception to. But we aren't going to tell him which



ones, so he'll have to read the lot if he wants to find out. Though we don't think he'll do it. He'll have to wade through a lot of pretty pure stuff to find the doubtful passages. \*\*\* *Tartarin of Tarascon* will be pub. by the Limited Editions Club in June. Two vols., with 50 pp. of illustrations by W. A. Dwiggins. In July will come *Undine*, wood-block illustrations by Allen Lewis. In August, *Robinson Crusoe*, printed by the Grabhorn Press, with 38 five-color illustrations. \*\*\* And—Extry! Extry!—Appleton announces that it will publish in July *Exit*, the first novel in 3 years from the pen of Harold Bell Wright. Wonder if it's anything like *Ex-Wife*. No, we didn't say *Ex-It*, though that would be a swell title. After all they mean the same thing. \*\*\* *Armageddon*<sup>1</sup> is an 800-page anthology, edited by Eugene Löhrke, of the World War in literature. As an effort "to build up from the material on hand a picture of the Great War in as many of its phases and to as wide an extent as possible," it is, we should think, successful. There are excerpts from all the important War books (that from *All Quiet on the Western Front* being one that was omitted from the American edition), and we believe it will give you a far more coherent and balanced picture than desultory reading among the libraries of books that have already been written about the War. \*\*\* This summer's

Scandinavian tourist should read Harry A. Franck's *A Scandinavian Summer*<sup>2</sup> before setting out. His foreword to the book seems a trifle too apologetic; any one who knows anything about Scandinavia and its people knows that they don't need to be apologized for; fortunately the book itself is interesting and entertaining, and the apologetic note is confined to the foreword. \*\*\* Joyce Forbes was playing the piano, Clyde Armstrong was singing, and in the next room Duncan Forbes had just pitched forward over his desk with a bullet through his brain. (See Herman Landon's *The Voice in the Closet*<sup>3</sup>.) Of course Clyde had a motive, but he was singing all the time, and anyway there were a number of sinister folk slinking in and out of the house that day. It took Lieut. Delmar, (modeled for externals on a certain late unlamented Police Commissioner), to unravel, with the aid of his brain and his chameleon chair, the tangle of motives and clues, and the supplementary mystery of the voice that came out of an empty closet. Which he does very acceptably. This is good, plain food, not too highly seasoned; and if it doesn't keep you awake, at least it won't disagree with you. \*\*\* Race Williams (of *The Tag Murders*<sup>4</sup>) was a hard-boiled private investigator, and what he did to the gang who went around knocking off citizens and leaving little metal tags on their lifeless forms, was just nobody's business, although it



Illustrations from Otto Nuckel's novel in lead cuts, "Destiny" (Farrar and Rinehart)

rather soon became very much somebody's business. Guns bang almost continuously in this lively number, and there's a wicked but lovely young gal called The Flame who appealed to us. Badly written, incredible, but has lots of pep.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Cape & Smith, \$5.00.
2. Century, \$4.00.
3. Liveright, \$2.00.
4. By Carroll John Daly: Clode, \$2.00.

## The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, New York; SCRANTOMS, INC., Rochester; KORNER & WOOD, Cleveland; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, St. Louis; KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., Denver; TEOLIN PILOT CO., Houston; PAUL ELDER & CO., San Francisco; NORMAN REMINGTON CO., Baltimore; EMERY BIRD THAYER, Kansas City; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Atlanta; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles; STEWART KIDD, Cincinnati; J. K. GILL, Co., Portland, Oregon; JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia; THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., Boston, Massachusetts.

### Fiction

*The Scarab Murder Case*, by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner's. Good in spite of Philo Vance. Reviewed June 4.

*The Selbys*, by Anne Green: Dutton. An American couple and their southern niece in Paris provide gay and witty light reading. Reviewed April 16.

*The Party Dress*, by Joseph Hergesheimer: Knopf. A tawdry story of the amours of middle-age by an author from whom we have the right to expect better things. Reviewed April 16.

*Laughing Boy*, by Oliver LaFarge: Houghton, Mifflin. Poetic romance of life and love among the Navajos. Pulitzer prize winner. Reviewed November 6.

*Cimarron*, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

### Non-Fiction

*The Story of San Michele*, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

*Mata Hari*, by Thomas Coulson: Harper. Detailed account of the career of the notorious dancing spy.

*Green Pastures*, by Marc Connelly: Farrar & Rinehart. The white man's idea of the Negro's idea of heaven in a touching play developed from Roark Bradford's stories. Reviewed March 12.

*Byron*, by Andre Maurois: Appleton. A brilliant biography of the self-made tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.

*Toward Civilization*, a symposium edited by Charles Beard: Longmans. The engineers have their day in court. Reviewed April 30 and May 14.



## Magazine Articles Recommended

*A Thousand to One*, by Captain Emilio Lussu. Atlantic Monthly, June.

This is the first of two instalments of a personal narrative by an anti-Fascist. The author's distinguished war record, his election to the Italian Chamber of Deputies, and known opposition to the dictatorship of Mussolini made him a marked man to the Government. His experiences in the hands of his enemies form an intensely interesting document.

*Franco-Italian Discord*, by Prof. R. C. Binkley. Current History, June.

The results—or lack of them—at the Naval Conference and the recent bellicose utterances of Il Duce have drawn public attention to Franco-Italian differences. Because of France's interest in the Mediterranean and Italy's desire for more land at least one more European war is anticipated by Professor Binkley. "It follows," he remarks, "from the character of Italian territorial and colonial aspirations that Italy is the natural opponent of the status quo in Europe just as France is its natural defender."

*As We See It in Reno*, by Swift Paine. North American Review, June.

The author, a novelist and Reno resident who has known hundreds of divorce-seeking men and women, bases his article on the premise that the fame (or notoriety) of its divorce trade is due, not to Nevada's laxness, but to backward legislation in other states. "Nevada," he says, "has long since taken the civilized point of view that marriage need not always end in a catastrophe, either death or public scandal."

*Parents Must Grow*, by Leta S. Hollingworth. Parents' Magazine, June.

"We must all learn to make and break habits especially in our relations to our children," says the author of *The Psychology of the Adolescent*. It is a delicate art "to bring a child from the complete dependence of babyhood to the complete independence of the normal adult without crippling him somewhere along the way."

## ►► The Movies ◀◀

By CREIGHTON PEET

### ►► "The Florodora Girl"

IF YOU are looking for an evening of completely delightful nonsense I can think of nothing better than *The Florodora Girl* with Marion Davies as a flouncing, be-ribboned, be-ruffled and bewildered member of the famous sextette which made the year 1900 such a memorable one on Broadway. Ah, those were the good old days! The "gay young bloods" of the town gathered by the stage door of the old Casino Theatre every night to watch for the six pretty maidens and take them away in carriages drawn by prancing horses to suppers where champagne was drunk out of a little satin slipper. (The Casino Theatre, by the way, was demolished last month.)

Marion Davies is at her best in *The Florodora Girl* and she, and all the rest of the cast, enjoy themselves hugely. A few of the other reminders of the good old days are a bicycle picnic (on tandem bicycles, of course), a Yale-Columbia football game which appears to resemble a free-for-all, a singing waiter in a Bowery saloon rendering "My Mother Was A Lady," and a Coney Island beach party with the surf filled with voluminous bathing suits. The thread of story holding these incidents together is very faint, and there are a few anachronisms—but what of it? The fact remains that *The Florodora Girl* is grand fun. The dialogue is sprightly and Miss Davies is developing into one of our foremost comediennesses. Claude Allister is excellent as an Englishman of the period, while others in the cast are Walter Cattlett, Ilka Chase and Lawrence Gray.

### ►► "One Romantic Night"

In the bright lexicon of sex there is no more favored word than "night." Movie producers feel that they have done at least half a million dollars' worth of honest toil when they have revised a title to include that wonderful, lascivious word, "night." Imagine their extreme pride, then, on changing

Molnar's stage play *The Swan* into *One Romantic Night*, and advising the public through the papers to go to Lillian Gish's first talkie and "hear her passionate voice in a whirlwind romance of burning kisses." The idea seems to be that Miss Gish is now a get-hot-gal like Clara Bow or Alice White. As a matter of fact I believe Miss Gish receives five very brief kisses throughout the film.

I hasten to say that the ads are most unfair to the fragile Lillian who is not a little charming in this story about a princess who is married off by her forceful mama (Marie Dressler) to Rod LaRocque in spite of her love for her fencing tutor (Conrad Nagle). I cannot remember all the details but I am sure this film has none of the quality and atmosphere which the stage piece had when Miss Eva LeGallienne did it some years ago. Rod LaRocque's diction is abominable, every line sounding like a first and carefully memorized lesson in English.

### ►► "Courage"

Although treating of the familiar matter of mother love, *Courage* is actually a superior movie in many respects. It never boils over into tears, never loses its sense of humor and, above all, it has a fine and generally convincing performance by Belle Bennett. It was produced by the Warners from a play by Tom Barry. The central character is the indulgent, spendthrift mother of seven children. Her husband dead, she mismanages the estate so that soon they are penniless. At this point their wealthy aunt Caroline (her husband's sister) steps in and starts to wheedle the children away to her more prosperous home. All the children unite in scolding the poor mother for her bad investments—all but the smallest, a boy of about ten, who sticks loyally by his bewildered mother. *Courage* is very uneven and lacks the smoothness of a first-rate piece of work—but even so it is well above the average.

### Worth Seeing

**The Big Pond:** Maurice Chevalier in a charming light comedy with Claudette Colbert.

**Journey's End:** The British war play, faithfully reproduced on film.

**The Man From Blankley's:** John Barrymore forgets about the profile to make himself quite amusing.

**Song o' My Heart:** John McCormack's voice, beautifully recorded by the Movietone. Not much story.

**The Silent Enemy:** Heap big Indian film with wolves, caribou and such. Not as good as *Chang* but much better than most wild-life pictures.

**The Devil's Holiday:** Nancy Carroll gives a splendid performance as a mercenary manicurist.

### Other New Films

**Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Pinchot:** Pleasant pictures of wild life made on a cruise in the South Seas by the former governor of Pennsylvania and his family.

**Turksib:** Soviet record of the building of a railroad between Siberia and Turkistan. Hardly entertainment, but extremely interesting if you are following developments in Russia. Beautiful pictures of wild country.

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## ▷▷ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◁◁

By W. R. BROOKS

**M**EN APPEAR to be getting the ensemble habit, and for those who have so little color sense that they do not hesitate to appear on the street in a purple suit, an apricot shirt and an eau de Nil necktie, Stern's men's shop has produced a color scheme book, which suggests groups of accessories which go well together. Where is the man with soul so dead as not to wish to be the center of a co-ordinated color scheme? Where is he whose heart would not swell with pride to appear at the office in, say, "a shepherd check, harmonized with pastel blue accented with sapphire?"

▷▷ WE ARE FOND of Nature; we like to rest our eyes on green pastures and clouds and blue hills; we yearn over wild flowers and listen rapt to the tootlings of the birds, our little feathered friends, as we like to call them. But no summer landscape is complete for us that does not contain somewhere in the immediate foreground a deep and comfortable chair. We yearn and listen most effectively, we find, in a semi-recumbent position. And believing that you probably feel the same way about it, we wish to tell you about several garden chairs we have seen. First, a new type of hammock for porch, beach or terrace. It's a little hard to describe. It's hung by adjustable chains from an iron standard, and the seat and back are just one piece of heavy canvas (striped or plain). One crossbar comes just under your knees, the other back of your head, where it is covered with a pad for comfort. You can lounge about in it comfortably in a variety of positions.

Then there's the wheelbarrow settee, which is nothing more or less than a comfortable woven reed garden seat, built on a wheelbarrow with a long wheelbase. The frame is of ash, and the handles project from one of the arms. Something like the barrow chair we described for you last year.

Another comfortable beach or garden chair is made of willow, very low, with rockers just under the seat. These rockers go up and form the back. It is gaily and softly cushioned.

An English garden shelter, seven feet long and five feet deep, is made of osier, if you know what that is, in collapsible sections, fastened together with straps. The roof is lined with waterproof material.

Folding chairs are easier to manage than they used to be in the days when

Charlie Chaplin convulsed us with his efforts to set up a steamer chair. There are various kinds made of canvas and wood, which just squeeze together into an easily carried parcel when you want them to, and don't collapse when you don't want them to. There's one of wood and iron which slides together flat when you pull at the back of the seat. And with nearly any of these you can use a sort of clamp which fastens an umbrella over you to protect your complexion from the ravages of the sun.

▷▷ IF YOU'RE ONE of those old fashioned folk who still patronize the ice-man, there's a contraption called the Electricutter which will make ice cubes for you. You just put it in on the ice and turn on the current, and in five minutes you have a dozen cubes. Or if you aren't in a hurry, you can get the cubes in about an hour without even turning on the current.

And if you have a mechanical refrigerator, there's a receptacle of Vollrath ware, called the Vitalizer, twelve by seven and one-half by four inches, into which you may put your green vegetables in order to keep them fresh and crisp.

▷▷ NOW APPEARS the Victor Record-of-the-Month Club, divided into two divisions, the Great-Record-of-the-Month and the Popular and Concert-Record-of-the-Month. Judges select the best records in each of these classes, and they're shipped to you, and all it costs you is the normal list price of the record. Also, if you don't like the record chosen for you, you can select any other record and they will ship that one instead. Well, just what do you gain? Transportation, because you don't have to go to the store and bring the record home. But perhaps you like to go to the store and try out one or two of the records before buying. Personally we don't see any great advantage in it, unless you live in some remote district, and even then, if you care enough about music to buy records, you probably have some idea of what you like. We're agin all these standardizing book and necktie and play and candy and gift and what-not-of-the-month clubs. In a couple of generations if they continue multiplying at the present rate we won't have enough sense of discrimination left to go in out of the rain unless some set of judges tells us that it is the correct thing to do.

## ▷▷ In This Issue ◁◁

THIS WEEK's leading article, "Those Dirty Crooks," is based on the experiences of a San Francisco bootlegger writing under the pseudonym, Jack Knowles. A biographical note on the author is contained in the publisher's column, "Looking Forward."

HIRAM MOTHERWELL was formerly a European foreign correspondent and is now editor of the *Theatre Guild Magazine*. He is also the author of *The Imperial Dollar*.

EDGAR WALLACE KNIGHT is professor of education in the University of North Carolina and a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences. Dr. Knight is the author of numerous volumes on education and contributes frequently to the *Outlook and Independent*.

HARRY HANSEN was formerly war correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News* with both the German and Allied armies and also correspondent at the Paris Peace Conference. Mr. Hansen is now Literary Editor of the *New York World*.

## ▷▷ Next Week ◁◁

**Tragedy of the Tariff**, by Paul M. Mazur.

The Hawley-Smoot-Grundy tariff bill comes up for final consideration next week and with it comes the entire question of the economic future of the United States. In many ways the proposed tariff, if passed, will have a depressing effect on American industries. "The world," Mr. Mazur asserts, "is still at the threshold of economic development." The protection promised by the new tariff is illusory and short-sighted and will invite foreign retaliation. Our national reputation is certain to suffer. "Tariff," the author concludes, "is a double-edged sword to be wielded only by those who understand its nature."

**Idols**, by Claude Bragdon.

Success, measured in terms of accomplishment rather than character, has become a fetish in the United States, the author claims, in commercial, professional and scholastic fields. All the machinery of advertising, with its attendant success-literature, is directed to spreading the get-rich-or-famous gospel, even in schools and colleges, by appealing to the fear of failure. The inevitable result, Mr. Bragdon maintains, is the creation of a feeling of inferiority in many young people which results in the wasting of much budding talent.

**Arkansas Fox Hunt**, by Charles Morrow Wilson.

Riders-to-hounds accustomed to fox hunting in Virginia or England will be surprised to learn that a unique form of their favorite sport flourishes in the Arkansas hills. Although a fox hunt in which the fox is never caught may sound paradoxical, the fact that in Arkansas only the hounds are allowed to chase the fox seems even stranger. Mr. Wilson describes such a hunt and the Arkansas hill men who took part in it.

**Hungarian Borgias**, by Mary Alden Hopkins.

Twenty-five miles from Budapest are two villages, Nagyrev and Tisakurt, which are practically isolated from civilization. For eighteen years the women of these villages systematically poisoned their male relatives and friends until in last December thirty-three of them were brought to trial. Reports of the proceedings were published in European and American newspapers until the middle of March when all further information was suddenly withheld. The author reports the results of these trials and describes the motives underlying this amazing series of murders.

## ▷▷ From the Life ◁◁

By IBBY HALL

### ▷▷ Another Sailor

WELL, she thought, she might as well die. She was only nineteen, but if life was going to be like this . . ., she thought. And by life, she meant men.

In the beginning it was different. They looked at you in the beginning as if you were the only thing on the landscape. Looked at you strange and burning—then away, suddenly; then back as if they were blind unless they could be looking at you. And it gave a girl queer feelings. She felt, was she as good-looking as that? Or maybe, the way he looked at her, he was seeing her different. Seeing something special that she only half knew about herself—something that gave her a jolt sometimes when she passed a mirror, or funny ideas—like poetry—when she lay staring awake at night; something that made her feel at the movies that the girl in the picture with the dreamy smile and the faraway eyes was herself, somehow. And maybe she was like that and didn't know it—maybe that was what they wanted to tell her when they looked at her. That they understood what she was like—beautiful and understanding, her real self—that she was all they had been looking for.

As she thought these things her real self would rise softly like smoke hovering almost within reach, lovely and untouchable but more real than her own hands. What she could be—what she must be! Because a stranger had discovered it.

That was the way he had looked at her in the beginning; but in the end it was different. And this was the end, standing here beside him at the railing of the tender, staring at the melancholy harbor waves that went up and down, heavy and choked like her breathing.

Because he was a sailor, perhaps, she had thought he would be wonderful. The way he walked, with a kind of swagger. The way he stood, easy and careless, and looked around as if he saw nobody. The way his sailor cap sat back from his hair as if he'd sailed around the world with the wind in his face, and his head up high—she had thought he would be wonderful. And the way he had looked at her, then, had said, "At last!"

Standing beside her now, he looked as if he hated her. Cold and suspicious. As if she were a stranger. And suddenly she felt like a stranger to herself. She saw this girl that was awkward and too

young—that was complaining and had a silly voice—that was standoffish and couldn't understand what a fellow was talking about; and it was herself. That's what a man could do to you. He could act like somebody brave and strong and wonderful, and then turn out to be vain and mean and weak. He could pretend to discover a girl's real self, and then make her out to be ugly and hateful. And if life was like that, she'd rather die. She'd rather die than be a girl like this one, or love a fellow like this one.

She tried to look at him through her tears, but his face was only a hard, distorted blur. She looked at the sea again, but the green water seemed to melt into her tears, covering her face with waves of anguish. If he could see her misery and not care, she might as well be under those waves right now. The water invited her, the whole sea ached for her like a great waiting pillow. If she slipped over and dropped upon it—what would happen then?

In a flash, she saw it happen; the miracle. He would know then that she loved him—he would prove how much he loved her—they would become those other people, themselves again. . . And she was over the railing.

So quickly had she seen the picture and climbed, and jumped—that she struck the green water, was under, down, down, gasping, trying to breathe, before she knew that this was real. This was meeting death. Her shoes pulled her down. Her coat bound her arms. She reached and struggled and caught once more at air, breathing. She had to live. She managed to rid herself of the heavy coat—now, if she could only keep afloat—she had forgotten why she was here—what had happened—something—she must keep afloat—she couldn't—she was sinking—

Some one struck the water nearby, caught her suddenly by the shoulders, lifted her face to the beautiful air, was swimming steadily and easily beside her. "All O. K.," said a voice.

She was too weak to answer. He was saving her. Already they were shouting to him from the tender, lowering ropes—a boat. And she had been a fool, had quarrelled over nothing, had risked his life. She deserved to drown, why hadn't he let her? But she loved him too much—she loved life too much . . . And with a surge of gratitude she turned her head and looked at him.

It was a face she had never seen before. It was another sailor.

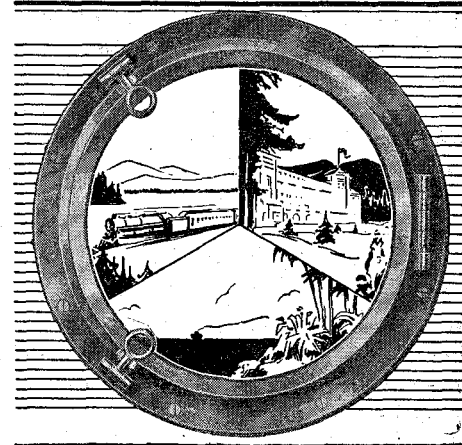
## ◁◁ TRAVEL

## ◁◁ SUGGESTIONS

## ◁◁ AND INFORMATION FOR

## ◁◁ OUTLOOK ▷▷

## READERS



### Is It America This Year?

This country of ours offers so much to intrigue the traveler. ◁ We have two distinctly French cities, . . . one in the South, and one in the North. ◁ New Orleans . . . Quebec . . . each with contrary charms . . . one like the Latin Quarter . . . the other like an old French citadel town. ◁ Again let me talk to you of our National Parks . . . our sea-coast resorts . . . Atlantic and Pacific . . . and cool lakes hemmed in by high mountains, . . . where altitude makes the blood dance. ◁ We have lists of fashionable hotels and clubby camps. ◁ Write us before making your plans. ◁ Our service is valuable and gratis.

◁ EVA R. DIXON *Director*

◁ OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16<sup>TH</sup> ST. NEW YORK

## ▷▷ "Ready All? Row!" ◁◁

By GEORGE TREVOR

A GROUP of Yale professors lingered over their cigars and coffee at a colleague's house on Whitney Avenue. They were talking shop, discussing the relative teaching merits of various faculty members. The consensus of opinion settled on Chauncey Tinker, brilliant exponent of English literature, as the man possessing the greatest flair for teaching. Just when the debate seemed closed, a dissenter asked for the floor.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I yield to nobody in my admiration for Professor Tinker, but we have forgotten one man who deserves consideration. His province is athletics rather than the scholastic field, and yet I think that he qualifies. My choice for the most gifted teacher at Yale is Ed Leader, coach of rowing."

WITH THE TWO major regattas of 1930 barely a fortnight away, Ed Leader dominates the rowing scene. In no other sport—not even football with its Rocknes, Warners, and Zuppkes—does a coach play so decisive a part in moulding a victorious combination as in eight-oared crew racing. Oarsmen on any campus are pretty much of a piece; it is the coach who makes the winner.

Yale rowing wallowed in the doldrums until Leader came out of the Northwest to revive brave memories of the Bob Cook era. Since his advent, Yale has beaten Harvard six times out of seven; has won an Olympic title against the picked crews of Europe and America; and has tasted defeat only twice in sixteen preliminary two mile races.

There is no inherent magic in the stroke taught by the gaunt Oregonian, no mystic formula which would account for this amazing record on the river. His stroke, a modified version of the one he learned from Connibear at Washington University, is technically sound, characterized by a savage catch and a less emphatic finish, but, in its essential elements, it is similar to those taught by most of his less successful contemporaries. The so-called Leader stroke, as a matter of fact, is a lineal descendant, in slightly refined form, of the sweep employed so effectively by "Pop" Courtney and the now legendary Robert Cook.

No, you will have to look beyond the mere mechanics of rowing for the secret of Leader's mastery. Meet the man himself—no easy job for he is taciturn,

aloof, even morose at times—study his methods; watch him build a crew from the barge and pair-oar stage to the smartly synchronized product; then only will you understand the reason for his winning touch.

Inspired instructors are rarer than great athletes. Leader is a born teacher, has the knack of imparting his rowing theories to raw novices. He is unrivaled at fitting men into a smooth, rhythmic combination, at matching up an eight so that the boat is harmoniously balanced. He will sacrifice individual brilliancy to achieve this end, realizing that



Wide World

"THE GRIM MAN FROM OREGON"  
Ed Leader, Coach of rowing at Yale

crew racing is merely a humanized version of applied mechanics.

This happy faculty for picking varsity oarsmen whose builds, styles, and temperaments are mutually adaptable, likewise embraces a profound knowledge of physical condition. Leader is a conditioner of athletes as well as a teacher and organizer. A sixth sense tells him whether a husky looking candidate has the toughness of fibre, mental and physical, to stand the gaff.

A concentration militant in its single

track intensity is the keynote of the man. Ask him a question as he potters about the boathouse between coaching sessions and you may get an answer ten minutes later. He seems unaware of your presence, his mind fixed on some technical problem of crew propulsion, until he suddenly picks up the thread of an interrupted conversation.

Leader's deep-set eyes, shaded by beetling black brows, have a brooding yet penetrating quality. The stone-chiseled contours of a face lean in its hardness converge on a chin that juts out like the battle ram of a Victorian warship.

Leader dislikes reporters. They waste his time, ask foolish questions. Interviewers find him preoccupied, ill at ease, suspiciously sullen. On the float he seldom speaks; shuns strangers. On the river, a statuesque figure in the cockpit of his coaching launch, Leader snaps into character, feels at home. You sense his mastery of rowing technique, his grasp of the picture as a whole, as those black eyes roam restlessly along the sixty feet of cedar shell, noting the spacing—the margin of water by which the crew is clearing its puddles.

Leader's voice has a raspy, metallic timbre, but its varied intonation relieves monotony. He may go for miles without speaking, but once a flaw is noted, his words jostle one another for utterance. Pungent phrases, picturesque similes, tumble off his tongue. The inhibition of silence once overcome, sentences spew forth with the pent-up fury of a volcanic eruption.

The grim man from Oregon will not brook graduate interference. The Meddlesome Matties composing the rowing committee at any college which boasts a crew tradition leave Leader alone. He is a dictator of the Mussolini stripe. *L'état c'est moi* is Leader's maxim, and to this autocratic centralization of power Yale's supremacy on the river may justly be attributed. Patrician birth, political connections, or fraternity affiliation cut no ice with Leader when seating his varsity. He has shelved a Grotonian with a glowing prep school reputation for an obscure high school boy who never previously pulled a sweep.

Leader does not bow before the weight fetish that has waterlogged recent Harvard crews. Like Courtney of Cornell memory he prefers lean, wolfish

(Please Turn to Page 239)

## War on the Book Front

(Continued from Page 221)

of books is not one-sided. There are drawbacks as well as advantages. For some time the public which reads fiction has felt a disinclination to pay \$2.50 for a novel. Many of the novels did not satisfy the reader—often they were experiments, appealing more to other novelists and craftsmen than to those not interested in technical development. In the last decade many writers with a popular appeal have been captured by the motion pictures or held down to writing short stories for the magazines. The break-up of conventional writing also led to much experimenting on the part of publishers. Innumerable books that had little to offer except a new way of saying an old thing were sent up as trial balloons. Some caught on, resulting in more trial balloons. Editors often despaired of their authors; editorial boards often agreed that the only reason for issuing certain books was that they would sell over 10,000 copies. One editor, putting his approval on a novel chosen in a prize contest and destined to have a large sale remarked cynically: "It has everything but merit."

These editors have been foremost in the demand for "fewer and better books," which has also been echoed by booksellers. It is very likely that the late slump will help bring this about. Already there are reports that lists are being curtailed. The first cut will be in fiction. It is also possible that there will be less biography dealing with obscure characters whose careers do not stir the imagination of the American people. In this way the slump is likely to be overcome. Although cheaper books are desirable from the standpoint of the reader they are not entirely sound economically. Every house interested in price cuts adds that it will mean larger sales, and several have said openly that sales must double if the present rate of profit to author, publisher and bookseller is to be maintained. Books were once published profitably at \$1 and during the historical novel craze at the turn of the century the popular price was \$1.19, a reduction from the standard price of \$1.25. But publishing is much more costly today than it was in 1900 and if prices are cut somebody will have to pay the difference. Many of the publishing houses are refraining from announcing lower prices at this time. If the scheme of \$1 books succeeds some of them may be expected to fall quietly in line, but it is unlikely that they will make this a general departure. There will always be books that will be worth buying whatever their price.

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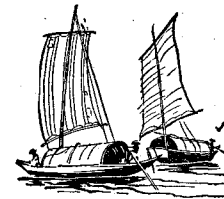
#### FROM NEW YORK—JUNE 28th

Duration 36 days to Hamburg—Rates \$800 up including return passage to New York on any steamer of the Line prior to December 31, 1930. Also six cruises from Hamburg—from 11 to 24 days—by the S. S. Resolute and S. S. Oceana.

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on the

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Sailing from New York Jan. 31, 1931, for 70 days (New York to New York). The price, including a great program of shore excursions, is \$950 and up, with return passage from Hamburg, Cherbourg or Southampton by any ship of the Line up to Dec. 31, 1931.

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## Those Dirty Crooks

(Continued from Page 205)

We never did have any real trouble in Sacramento. Our organization worked with some of the others and laid out regular territories. After all, we were in it for the money, and there was no sense in doing a lot of shooting like they do in Chicago. A couple of Italians thought they could go on their own and sell to the Mexicans. They had to be taken out for an automobile ride.

The organization I was working for was paying plenty for protection, but they were getting it. I started working for \$425 a month, with the same bunch that took our Mack. Red said that he was through with piker money. He and another fellow named Jacobs put their money together and went up to Canada where they were going to charter a fishing schooner and take it down to Los Angeles filled with real Canada.

We all told Red that he was crazy. San Francisco is about as far down the coast as it pays to ship stuff in from Canada. Even now it doesn't pay. Mexico is too near. Red insisted that he could ship to Los Angeles and get better prices because every one knows that only a bunch of crooks work out of Mexico. All the Mexican imported stuff is cut three and four times before it gets to the final retailer. Red said he would sell it direct to the retailer and not cut it at all hardly; he would cut it once, but the retailer wouldn't notice it. It would be the same thing as uncut stuff.

Red actually took a full load as far as San Pedro. Los Angeles is organized tighter than a drum. He couldn't find any independents willing to buy his stuff for fear of getting bumped. The regular crowd pretended they weren't buying anything. He and Jacobs slept on board. One night they were hi-jacked and they lost the whole works, ship and all.

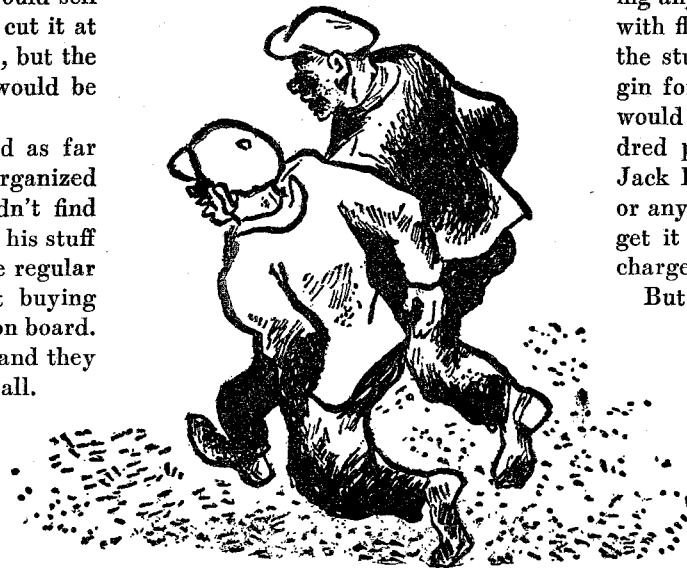
Jacobs got his, and Red had to go to the hospital for nearly half a year. I haven't seen him for five years, but I understand that it about finished him. He tried to run a speak-easy, but they raided him and sent him up for two years. When he got out he had a fight with one of the big boys down there for framing him. Red had to get out of Los Angeles or he would have got his. He sent me a post-card last Christmas from Tia Juana where he was working as a bar-man at \$45 a week. He had spent all his money on the races and wanted me to send him enough to come up north again. I never answered. He should have split even when we sold the Mack truck and it serves him right for being such a

crook with me, when I was his best friend.

I stayed in Sacramento for about three years. I had a pretty good racket then. Our organization was supplying most of the road-houses, chicken-shacks, speak-easies, hotels and "farms" outside of the city and up into the mountain towns like Auburn, Nicolaus, Mills, Elk Grove and other smaller places.

Jack Brovinci was my boss. He had a big suite of rooms in one of the hotels, and I would drop in about every week to get my orders. He had bought me a new Chrysler roadster for my work. I would spend about a week going through the different towns lining up deliveries and seeing that they weren't buying from any other bunch. We sold the road-houses and speak-easies alcohol, gin and moonshine. Our trade wasn't nearly as classy as the customers Harry had.

Jack had a big place in Sacramento where he put his stuff into whiskey bottles and pasted fake labels on. We had a concern in Ohio which sold us labels of all the best French and English brands for \$50 a thousand. They weren't quite as good as some of the New York houses, like Kienesch's, or Watton's, in Buffalo, but they were safer to use. Watton's got one Sacramento organization in trouble by wrapping their labels in cheap paper which broke. One



of the fellows went down to the express office to get the package and found three Federals waiting for him. When he called back to his boss another Federal answered him! They worked that quick.

Jack offered to have a gun ride along with me, but I couldn't stand riding day after day with some dope or smelly wop. I carried lots of cash, sometimes as high as \$8,000, always around \$3,000 or \$4,000. We made our buyers pay fifty per cent down before delivery, the rest when delivered.

When you figure that some of the big road-houses or hotels would use a truck load or more a month, you can see how big collections were. I took the orders and the cash with the orders. I figured that there would be less danger if I went alone. I would be more inconspicuous. I know some of the other organizations used to send out a whole car-load of gorillas with their salesmen and, if the gorillas didn't get hopped and knock the salesman off, they were so noticeable they were always running into trouble. I went alone and was only stuck up once. Then I lost about \$2,000. I knew who the fellow was who shook me down. He used to work at one of the road-houses and knew I took the collections. Jack took care of him as soon as he stepped inside of Sacramento. He should have headed back East with the coin.

The longer we had prohibition the more money we seemed to be pulling in. During the first two or three years I worked the racket we only sold to the men or some of the tougher joints. Jack's bunch weren't very high-class, either. They pushed alcohol. That was easiest to get and we made the most profit on it. We would get it shipped in from San Francisco raw, or redistilled, for about \$4.00 a gallon when everything was good and they weren't making any raids. Then Jack would fix it up with flavoring, and fake labels, and sell the stuff for real Canadian whiskey, or gin for \$4 to \$6 a bottle. The retailers would push the price up another hundred per cent. As long as I was with Jack I never tasted or saw real Scotch, or any imported gin. It cost too much to get it across the border. We could not charge much more than for our own stuff.

But after I left Jack and went down south I found out that everybody was buying it. Some of the fellows we sold our stuff to were raking the money in selling it to high school kids. A cross-eyed dope, named Joe Seppi, had a regular place across from one of the high schools and he made about \$7,000 in just eight months. Everybody was ordering it down south. The very nicest people, too. We had some judges on our list and a bunch of big business men.

THERE ARE MORE grafts in Los Angeles than in any other city in America, I think. When I was down there, everybody was crooked. I quit Jack in Sacramento because he got tangled up with another organization. I was in the boot-leg business to make money—not to get shot, so I left. The police are too Irish

in San Francisco to do anything with. Half of them are still so out of date that they will smack you if you try to give them any money. Some of them don't mind a little drinking, but if you try to start any of the other rackets that go along with bootlegging, like women, or doping; they land on you like a ton of cement. If you want to make lots of money—and quick—San Francisco isn't a safe town.

Los Angeles was wide open. That's why I went there. I thought everything was pretty well organized in Sacramento, but in Los Angeles they nearly made me take out a union card. In five years, unless some of the big fellows get theirs, Los Angeles will be easier to work than Chicago ever was. Some of the big Chicago racketeers came out to hook Los Angeles into their system. They thought they were hard. Tough. They came into Los Angeles in the morning. We met them in two big cars and showed them the whole city. Fed them. Likkered them up. Then we took them down toward Venice and stuck something cold against their necks. We told them they could take their choice of just two things. They took the second and bought return tickets as soon as we took them back to Los Angeles. They never returned.

I stayed with a big bunch there, doing just about the same as I did in Sacramento, for nearly two years. I was making over \$800 a month, but I could not keep it. For that matter, I do not know a man in the business who has been able to keep his profits. In the first place, he has to pay from ten to forty per cent for protection. Then he has to keep at least \$1,000 or more in the bank as a reserve if he is pinched. That pays for lawyer fees and for any greasing. I was brought up twice in Los Angeles, but I was acquitted both times. My first trial cost me about \$400. That was not bad. The bunch I was with paid half. The second one cost me \$1,500 and I had to pay out of my own pocket.

I DECIDED I wanted to go to some place that was safe. San Francisco was my best bet. I tied up here with Chuck last year. He had a bunch of customers in one building that kept him busy. Nice business men. I was through playing for the big money. A good, safe retail business suited me. I bought out half of Chuck's building for \$500. That gave me the right to the first eight stories. I had about thirty customers in it. I picked up fourteen more through my customers in the building. Everything was going along fine when Chuck got jealous because I was doing a better business than he was.

Chuck was a dirty crook. He claimed that he had real Scotch. I knew that he cut it every time. We did a lot of trade in wines. I bought real port and sherry, and all the good California red and white wines. Now, I would sell a good port for \$4.00. Chuck would sell it for \$3.50, but he would mix some cheap dago-red and alcohol in it and make over \$2.00 profit. I was always square. I never made more than \$5.00 a bottle off my gin and whiskeys, or \$7 a bottle off the liqueurs. I didn't handle beer. I could get it if a regular client wanted it, but I never made any profit.

My clients knew that I sold them real stuff. Some of Chuck's clients wanted



### *Through a Glass Darkly* From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of June 7, 1950

The fight between the Hohenzolern and Mussolini factions for control of the Society of Ex-Saber Rattlers was settled last Thursday at the annual meeting of the society at Doorn by the election to the Presidency of Benito Mussolini.

The sentence to life imprisonment of John Smith of Louisville under the Jones-Smooth-McBride "set-up" law for ordering a pitcher of ice water was upheld on Monday by the Supreme Court of the United States by a vote of five to four.

An appropriation was made last week by the City of Chicago to replace the present side-walks and pavements within the Loop with the newly perfected noise-absorbing material, Calmia.

Chairman Snickersnee, in the fourth preliminary fact-finding report of the Law Enforcement Commission made public this week, recommended that 10% of cyanide of potassium be used in the denaturing of all industrial alcohol.

Mayor James J. Walker of Palm Beach and party, at the end of a four months' vacation, missed the last out-going flying boat at the Bermuda-Florida Airways terminal at Bermuda.



my stuff, also. Chuck got sore and he tried to sell my clients. I asked him for my \$500 back. He said he wouldn't give it to me. Finally I went to a fellow I know and gave him \$200 to get Chuck out of the building. I never had any intention of having Chuck bumped off. I'm not that kind of a fellow. I just told the man to frighten Chuck, but the big boob let Chuck have it and nearly tore his shoulder off. Of course, Chuck didn't squeal. When I heard that Chuck was in the hospital I went around there right away and told him it wasn't my

fault. I bought him about \$20 worth of flowers. You should have seen his room. It smelled as pretty as a flower garden.

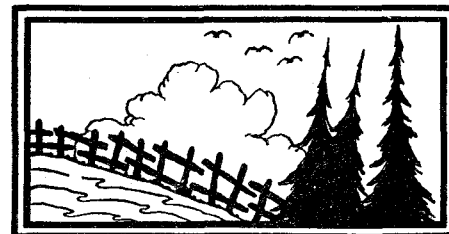
WHILE Chuck was in the hospital I naturally attended to all of the people in the building. He sent around some wop to take his trade, but I told the wop that it was my building. He left. He knew what would happen to him if he stayed. I made good money there. You may think that I had to pay for protection, but I did not buy a cent. San Francisco is about the only city I know of where a small retailer can get by without paying anything. Of course if you're a big fellow you have to put out a certain amount. But you're liable to be raided if you're too big.

Friday night I finished late. One of the bond houses was having a big party over at a hotel and they called me up for five bottles of Scotch and one of Benedictine. That cost them \$50. I delivered it and drove back home along the Bay Shore Highway. I thought I saw a car following me, but I was too tired to notice anything. I turned off to go to South San Francisco. It was dark and foggy. Except for the car behind me, the road was deserted. As I started to turn the corner, this big closed car shot up past me. I knew what it was before anything happened.

I had enough sense to let go of the wheel and drop to the seat. It sounded like a lot of automobile tires bursting. The seat saved me. They caught me somehow in the leg and when my car went into the ditch I was knocked out. See these flowers here? Chuck sent them. I suppose he is stealing all my trade, the big crook. Sure, it was Chuck. Who else could it have been? As soon as I get out, I know a fellow who will fix it this time so I don't have to send flowers to Chuck. The dirty crook!

Then I'm quitting. I've been in the business for eight years and I doubt if I have \$4,000 to show for it. I've been quiet and respectable, but even then the risks aren't worth the money. As soon as I settle with Chuck, I'm going to get into a good garage business up in Canada. There's big money in that racket now.

*Editor's Note:* Three weeks after Mr. Knowles left his bed the police found his body lying on a side-street with a bullet hole above his right eye.



## Mass Production of Ph.D.'s

(Continued from Page 211)

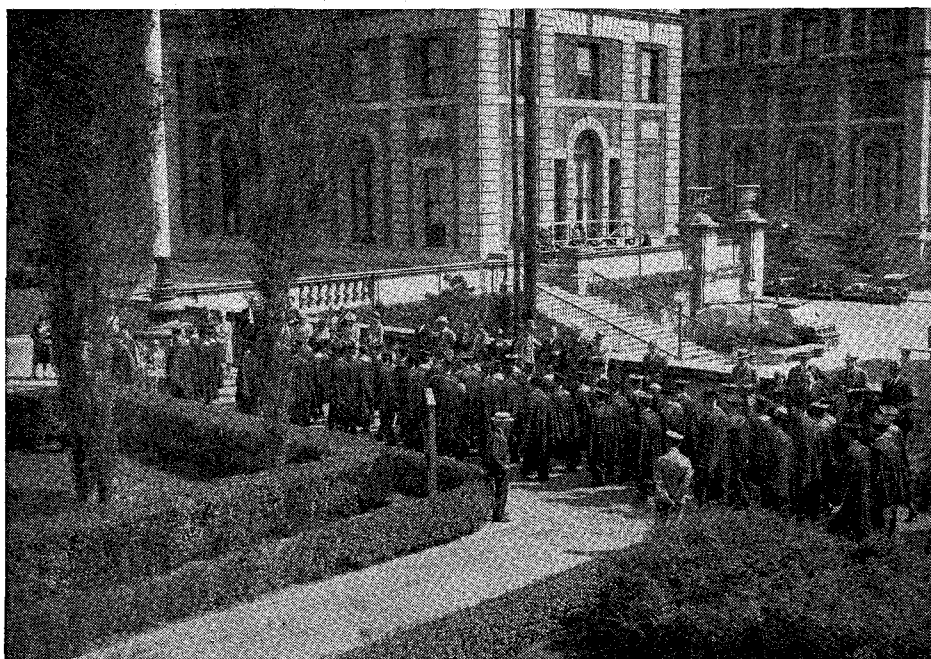
can be checked up by an examination of footnotes.

The interest of the candidate for the doctorate must be in remote matters if he expects them to be looked upon by the scientific oligarchy as scholarly. If he should assume interest in or concern for the present scene he is likely to be considered impertinent if not downright morbid and condemned as educationally low-minded and full of dangerous infirmities. He is a man of ideas, of course, but his ideas may be diseased. In theory, the graduate system of scholarship may be an excellent one, but in practice and as preparation for teaching it can give a normal individual mental cramps sooner than any other academic mumbo jumbo except class day exercises or alumni banquets. Too rarely does the system encourage the young doctor to keep alive his interest in the pageant of life in which he and his students are participants and too often is it likely to make for intellectual nearsightedness.

But the system helps to create the academic mind, which is probably the worst kind of mind the teacher can have. It generally lacks imagination and healthful playfulness and it tends to cultivate few enthusiasms except the pale enthusiasm for its particular subject. Moreover, it frowns upon inspiration, and views the inspirational teacher as unstable and unscientific, an intellectual dabbler. It places under heavy prejudice the man who can speak and write pleasingly and plainly for the laity. It does not encourage learning to emerge from the cloister. The academic mind does not stimulate the minds nor otherwise meet the needs of the multitudes of

young men and women who now crowd into the undergraduate institutions. And the masses of college students need interpretative scholarship, teachers who can take the research of themselves and others and translate them and carry them over into the world where these students actually live.

While Jefferson, in Virginia, and Franklin in Philadelphia, were urging the diffusion of knowledge and the importance of seeking and communicating the truth, a brilliant and critical son of an ancient American institution of higher learning protested against the scholastic tyranny of the time. He charged that his alma mater was dominated with pedantry and he desired to part company with what he called "the sophisticated jargon of a superstitious synod of pensioned bigots." This bitter undergraduate exaggeration pointed to the supremacy in the eighteenth century of ancient scholastic practices which still rule in many of the graduate schools of this country. When the monopoly of the medieval and the mechanical is broken in our graduate system of scholarship, greater teachers and interpreters will emerge; emancipated, no longer ridden by the routine of their craft. Then will the emphasis in American education be on teaching, and scholarship will become divorced from the conventionally academic. Then, perhaps, the American colleges and universities will arouse more of their students to energetic action for the improvement of themselves and their environment, direct their efforts more definitely toward worthy and noble ends, help them to form manly, tasteful, and proper habits, and create within them thirst for knowledge and desire for personal excellence and learning advanced more surely than now.



Wide World

## Caesar or Napoleon?

(Continued from Page 207)

promise were made, the whole Balkan peninsula would become one of Caesar's provinces. Italy virtually owns Albania, in which she has stored military sup-



Underwood

NAPOLÉON AT FONTAINEBLEAU

From the painting by Delaroche

plies and built strategic roads leading to the Yugoslav border. Hungary to the north is friendly to Italy, and burning to get back the Banat. Bulgaria to the southeast is likewise friendly, and Rumania to the east could probably be brought in line with Italian policy any day. Once France gives the word, the Adriatic becomes an Italian lake; Balkan tariffs are framed to suit Italian needs; Balkan public loans are taken up by Italian banks; and Balkan ports and cities are thrown open to Italian goods.

Mussolini is too realistic a politician to suppose that France will grant all this outright. He believes, though, that France can be brought to see the wisdom of pooling her foreign policy with that of Italy. In other words, the two nations, in the name of Latin sisterhood and European peace, would jointly agree on Balkan tariffs, would apportion loans and contracts among their respective banks and corporations, and would divide the commercial opportunities among their several industries. And Italy, for her greater glory, would be the policeman of the régime, because of her geographical position.

There is no standing still in politics. If France and Italy pooled their foreign policies to this extent, they would either have to go forward or go back; they would either have to merge into a kind of Latin federation or withdraw from the combine and fight. Since neither, in reality, wants to fight, they



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SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

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**MIDDLE-AGED** English woman, children's nurse, personal maid, desires position with family going abroad. Available after June 15th. Best of references. Telephone, Englewood 4051.

**EXPERIENCED** teacher, Smith College graduate, with work at Columbia University and Akron Ohio University, will tutor during summer months in Metropolitan District in High School and Elementary subjects. Address E. M. Reid, 334 West 87th Street, or until June 15th—26 East Tallmadge Ave., Akron, Ohio.

**COMPANION** responsible, experienced, seeks opportunity with elderly, or semi-invalid lady, or household assistant to family of culture. Location immaterial. Available at once. 9490 Outlook and Independent.

**COMPANION**—by cultured, useful adaptable gentlewoman; nursing experience, drives car, etc., excellent references. Town or country. 9492 Outlook and Independent.

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# Outlook and Independent

CLASSIFIED SECTION *Continued*

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would probably go forward toward a consummation even more glamorous than a United States of Europe—toward a new Latin empire over the Mediterranean world, whose heart and brains would necessarily reside in Rome.

Such are the stakes for which France and Italy are playing. It is not a struggle between peace and war, between federation and nationalism. It is a struggle—or rather, a complex diplomatic chess-game—between two national ambitions, two historic political methods.

In the practical conduct of a chess offensive, the least important piece of all is the king, the center and significance of the whole game. It is those little unnoticed pawns that matter. So in the diplomatic game which we are



Ewing Galloway

**BENITO MUSSOLINI**  
Premier of Italy

about to witness between France and Italy, we may largely discount sensational front-page speeches, ceremonial resolutions at Geneva, and even the mobilization of armies. Mussolini will seek to wear down France's patience. Briand will seek to build some kind of continental federation, however loose, which Italy cannot refuse to join.

And Italy will join, sooner or later. She will join with some inspiring phrases about Pax Romana. But when she does, you must look behind the scenes to know whether it is Napoleon who has conquered, or Caesar. The deliberations of the Senate of the United States of Europe will be dictated by those who have armies and money at their command. But if you wish to know who is dictating, you must notice which banks are floating Belgrade municipal sixes, and which textile concerns are making uniforms for the Rumanian army.

## "Ready All? Row!"

(Continued from Page 232)

170 pounders to eye-filling giants. He does seek tall, long armed types, convinced that leverage is essential. But no matter what his size, an oarsman must pull his weight, and trim the boat.

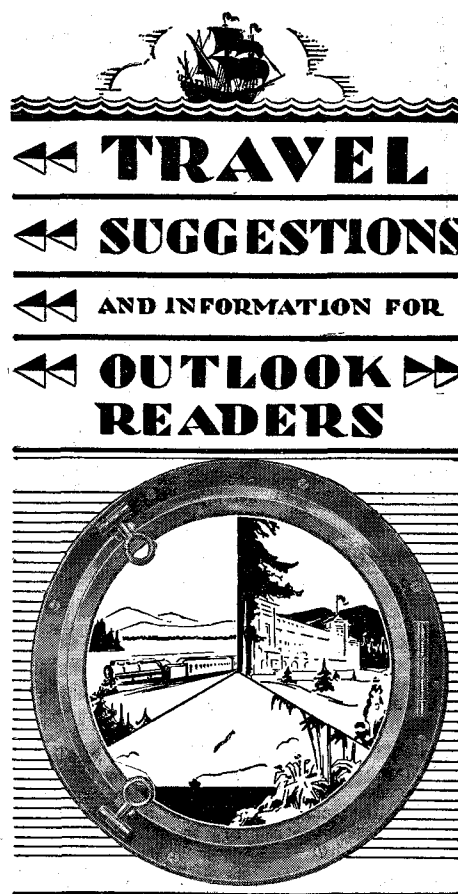
"Crew races" runs a trite rowing adage "are won while the oars are out of the water." Watch the rudder post of a Leader-coached crew and note how evenly it glides along, with scarcely a hint of check or drag between strokes.

Barring an "act of God," such as a broken outrigger, a jammed slide, a collision, or the physical collapse of an oarsman, this eerie glide of the Yale shell should carry it to victory on June 20 at New London. The Harvard boat, manned by superb physical specimens, cannot match that ghostly run between strokes—the hall mark of a Leader crew. The Crimson rudder post leaps ahead when the blades grip water, then lags perceptibly during the recovery.

Yale's 1930 eight has beaten Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania and Princeton at two miles or under, and has defeated Harvard and Navy by proxy.

Granting Yale's supremacy at the short route, does it follow that a so-called sprint crew can win at four miles? Ed Leader would laugh at that question. He refuses to differentiate between sprint and distance eights.

A good crew is a fast crew regardless of distance, he will tell you. Besides, two miles is *not* a sprint. Neither is the Henley distance of a mile and five sixteenths. A crew with sufficient stamina to win at the lesser distance has endurance enough to beat the same opposition at four miles.



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# With Our Readers

## Lower Interest Rates

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Oakland, Calif.

SIR—In your issue of May 21 you comment favorably on the proposal of General Motors Corporation to refinance their undertaking by an issue of 5% stock to refund the 7% and 6% issues by this means saving \$350,000 a year.

This is precisely what I have been advocating for the public utilities. At present we are paying 8% for the use of their money. Why not refinance them so that we pay only 5%? The saving to the taxpayers would be considerably more than \$350,000 per annum in reduced rates.

Like General Motors they are well conducted. Nothing is wrong with them from the point of view of the public except that we are paying them too high a rate for their money. If the various Public Service Commissions were elected by the citizens like directors of any other undertakings, instead of being political appointments engineered by the people who are getting this high interest, we should soon be able to follow the example of General Motors.

COURTNEY ROWLAND

## Vote of Thanks

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Chicago

SIR—A vote of thanks is due you for "Actualities at London" by Jonathan Mitchell in the issue of May 14th. We have been waiting for a comprehensive presentation of facts to clarify and modify the complicated and perhaps exaggerated statements appearing in the daily press during the conference.

ANNA M. MATHEWS

## Arid Austin

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Hollywood, Calif.

SIR—It would be, I dare say, ungallant to suggest to your letter-writers, Mrs. Ellis Knapp and Mrs. J. G. Sawyer, that Austin, Texas, is a typical dry southern city in the very heart of Senator Sheppard's driest state; is populated as to 98% by convinced (not yet convicted) Drys; and that in the Literary Digest poll it voted overwhelmingly for Mr. Hoover's One-and-Only law. Perhaps Austinites find moral turpitude only in violations of the Volstead Act, and none at all in burning alive a fellowman, even a black man.

CYNICUS

## Mob Murder

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Austin

SIR—As a native-born Texan I could not help wondering if the party who wrote the article, "Mob Murder," has really given the subject a thorough study. I am against mob law under all circumstances, and could never admit that there is any excuse for a mob. But let us look at this particular case. In the first place, according to press reports, this crime had been committed some two weeks or more before on a helpless woman alone out in the country without protection; the brute had confessed, which under our laws and ruling of our courts might have resulted in a prison term instead of death. With these facts before those people, please answer these questions: Why did the court undertake to try this brute in the home county? Then if the court did do this why didn't he ask for plenty of guards for protection? Last but not least why should he permit the victim to be brought into court on a stretcher? Was her testimony necessary for a conviction when he had pleaded guilty? I ask in all fairness who is to blame for this mob, the courts, the lawyers or the people?

L. E. SHELBY

## Crystal Gazing

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

New York

SIR—Why have you left out the witty notes called "Through a Glass Darkly?" Every week

I looked at these first of all and damn it, y discontinued them. Excuse my language. Really, it is very annoying to find that the moment you've become the most sporting, the freshest, clearest and most witty weekly (fact) in New York, you begin at once (like these idiotic movie people) to think of changing it.

MARK BARR

Editor's Note—We regret that restrictions of space have forced us to omit "Through a Glass Darkly" from recent issues. We intend to continue this department and shall welcome contributions to it from our readers.

## Who Are the Liquor Interests?

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Dayton

SIR—The moment you stated it to be your just conviction that the repeal of the pernicious Eighteenth Amendment, which has been instrumental in creating so much crime, graft and lawlessness since its passage, would be beneficial to the country, just that moment you incurred the enmity of its advocates. Fanatical and shortsighted as they are, it is but natural that they should accuse you of being controlled by the liquor interests. But wait. Let us see. Who are the liquor interests at the present time? Are they not the bootlegger and grafter? And do they want the Eighteenth Amendment repealed? Not they! They want it to remain for they are making more money than they ever made before in their lives.

It is the law-abiding citizen watching from the side lines who, seeing that prohibition has been such a miserable failure, is asking for relief, for repeal and for some regulatory law that can be enforced. Therefore you are not for the liquor interests, but on the righteous side, lined up with those who have the good of their country at heart.

Those who still wish prohibition continued are of two classes, the bigot who stands flat-footed for a principle and would wreck everything to accomplish his ends, and the selfish bootlegger who, under the present system, is getting rich by his illegal trade. Both of these classes have had their fling for the past ten years and what has come of it? Are we not in a worse mess than ever?

I congratulate the Outlook and Independent for the decided stand they have taken for law and order. Keep it up, keep hammering away and surely some good will come of it later.

ELMER H. HOUCK

## Political Churchmen

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Bellingham, Wash.

SIR—After laboring through a mass of diverse opinion in various publications, anent the vexed problem of prohibition, I find the best to date in your column, "Looking Forward." I think it so good that I am relaying it to my dry friends in the immediate vicinity.

Your reference to the politically minded churchman is especially good; the result of their activities are with us as evidence of the truth of your statement. As a constant reader of the Outlook from the days of Lyman Abbott, I wish to speak of the wonderful change for the better since that time. We like your spirit of fairness and tolerance. Keep up the good work.

L. V. DIFFERDING

## Women and Preachers

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Gainesville, Ga.

SIR—Your articles on prohibition are always interesting and entertaining. However, we in this highly esteemed Malarial Belt—sometimes referred to as the Bible Belt—feel as if you are pursuing a lost cause in your championing of anti-prohibition laws. It has been stated that 85 per cent of our entire population live in rural sections and in towns of less than five thousand people. These communities and towns, as you know, are influenced and domineered by preachers. Convince the ministers of the gospel that the present prohibition law is a failure and you will have little trouble in convincing those whom they serve. Until that time much effort is being

wasted. Women and preachers wield an influence in our political life that cannot be taken too lightly.

JOHN CROUCH

## Back to the Open Spaces

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Portsmouth, O.

SIR—Am sorry to see you take the position you have in regard the Eighteenth Amendment. We people in the interior of the country feel that we are much better off as it is even though the law is not strictly enforced. However it is pretty well enforced here. Had Harding and Coolidge been in sympathy with it, we would not be having so much trouble now. Am afraid you are going to lose many subscribers over this. The country at large rather resents New York City. If I were publishing a magazine I would get out of the city, better out of the state. This resentment is far deeper than wet and dry. It is many things—Wall Street—Tammany—the Jew—the air of superiority that a New Yorker assumes toward the hick, the country and the people of the interior—but you should stand by what you believe. Whether it is best to publish your beliefs is another question. But don't expect the other side to be tolerant. What a pity we cannot live another hundred years to see just what the outcome will be.

HOWARD SELLARDS

## Slavery and Prohibition

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Summit, N. J.

SIR—It is useless to deny that certain dire results have followed the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, but in my opinion the fault is not with the law but with the people. We are a lawless nation. One point which you make, however, I wish to answer. It is that the majority has taken action which is unfair to the minority. Did not the Thirteenth Amendment operate in that manner? Did it not take from the slaveholding minority their property without one cent of compensation? You will doubtless reply that slavery was wrong. It surely was, but the slave-owners did not think so. Many of them, I am certain, were sincere Christians, and could and doubtless did claim that they were justified by the curse pronounced on the descendants of Ham after the flood. I feel sure that many, if not most of the pastors of the southern churches, took sides with the members of their congregations.

Perhaps you will speak of the cruelties which resulted from slavery. There certainly were cruelties, although I believe these were the exception and not the rule, as I am confident that the relations between masters and slaves were in most cases cordial. But how about the sufferings of many thousands of mothers and children caused by the deeds of drunken husbands and fathers?

Then there is the Fifteenth Amendment, which gave the ignorant majority power to vote down their old masters. This, as you know, led to miserable results, and the situation was not changed until the superior intelligence of the whites, coupled with intimidation, gave them the upper hand.

One of the contentions of the wets is that the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed because it cannot be enforced, but should not the laws against murder be repealed because they are not enforced by any means.

WILLIAM JOHNSON

## Mumbo Jumbo

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

SIR—It is the constitutional right of every person so minded to work for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment but I've read enough of your hypocritical protestations to the effect that you are moved solely by a desire to save your bleeding country from the horrible conditions that you claim have been brought about by prohibition.

Travel along with booze as your little Mumbo Jumbo if you please, but do not expect me to support you in your nefarious enterprises by remaining a loyal subscriber.

KENNETH L. MARSDEN

# HOW THE OUTSTANDING BOOKS ARE CHOSEN EACH MONTH

THE Book-of-the-Month Club has a group of five critics to select the most readable and important new books each month—Dorothy Canfield, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, William Allen White, and Henry Seidel Canby, chairman. Assisting them on a foreign advisory committee are H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett, in England; André Maurois in France; Thomas Mann and Arthur Schnitzler for Germany and Austria, and Sigrid Undset for Scandinavia. Members of the Club take only those books which they want, and over 100,000 judicious readers now use this sensible and convenient service, to keep themselves from missing the new books they may be interested in. It has, however, met with this criticism: "I don't want anyone to select what books I shall read. I want to choose my own books." What force is there in this comment?

HAVE you ever given thought to the considerations that *now* move you in deciding to read any book? You hear it praised by a friend. Or you see an advertisement of it in a newspaper. Or you read a review of it by some critic whose account of it excites your interest. You decide you *must* read that book. Note, however, what has happened: it is always recommendation, *from some source*, that determines you to read it. True, your choice is completely free, but you exercise your choice *among recommended books*.

Now, what would be the difference, if you belonged to the Book-of-the-Month Club? Strange to say, upon analysis, you will find that in practice *you would be enabled to exercise a greater liberty of choice* and, above all, you would actually *get* the books—without fail—that you decided to read, *instead of missing them*, as you now do so frequently. How is this effected?

Publishers submit what they themselves consider their important books to the Book-of-the-Month Club, far in advance of publication. Once a month the judges meet and choose the one they agree upon as being the most outstanding among those submitted—this is called the "book-of-the-month." At the same time they select from fifteen to twenty other books, which they consider worthy of being recommended for one reason or another.

What is the effect of this? You will readily admit that books so chosen are *likely* to be ones you would not care to miss. Certainly, they will have as strong a recommendation behind them as behind the books you are influenced to read through other sources.

Nevertheless, tastes differ. This combined vote of the judges is not considered infallible, and you are not compelled to accept it.

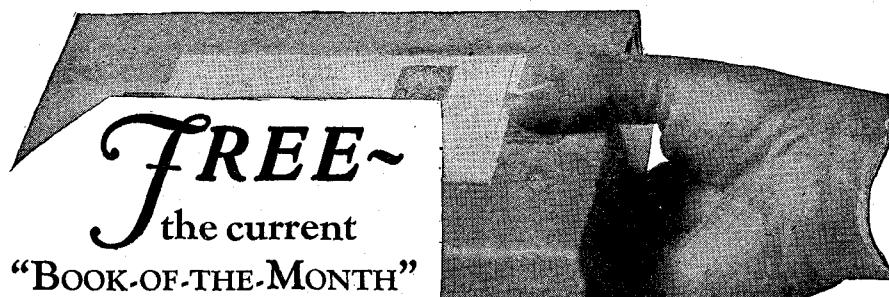
Before the "book-of-the-month" actually comes to you, *and before it is published*, you receive a carefully written report describing the sort of book it is. If you don't want it, you specify that some other book be sent instead. You make

your choice from the other recommended new books, which are *carefully described in order to guide you in your choice*. If you want no book at all, in any one month, if none of them appeal to you, *you specify that none be sent*.

The ultimate result, therefore, is that you really choose your own books—but *with more discrimination than heretofore*—and moreover, actually get and read the important new books you are interested in, *instead of missing them*, which now happens so frequently.

And what do these conveniences cost you? Nothing! You pay only for the books you take, and if you wish, *may take as few as four a year*, out of 200 or more reported upon by the judges. Surely, within the next year, there will be four new books published you will be very anxious not to miss. Why not, through this system, *make sure* of getting them; at the same time get the many undoubted conveniences the Book-of-the-Month Club affords; and also under an offer now being made receive free the current "book-of-the-month", or any other new book you choose costing not more than \$3.00

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## With Our Readers

### Mole or Beam

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Dallas

SIR—I note your severe criticism of Texas concerning the lynching of the Negro at Sherman. Let me say that practically every decent citizen in Texas hangs his head in shame at this outrage. The lynching was the work of the hoodlum element with a few of the feeble minded youth joining in.

But before criticizing the state of Texas, it would be wise to turn your attention to New York and the "higher lawlessness" preached by the president of one of your universities, by a number of your daily papers and by your own magazine, which preaching unfortunately reaches Texas through the press and inspires our hoodlum element to lawlessness.

The hoodlums at Sherman merely practiced what the supposedly higher class in New York have been preaching. To us it seems that for the intelligent element in New York to preach "higher lawlessness" is as bad or worse a crime than for these hoodlums, inspired by this preaching, to practice it. We in Texas slapped them in prison and they face the courts. What are you going to do with those who inspire such crimes by preaching "higher lawlessness?"

When you have pulled the beams out of your own eyes, you may come to Texas and remove the mote from ours.

ATTICUS WEBB.

### Co-operation in Russia

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Andover, Conn.

SIR—I am expressing my appreciation of the article in your issue of May 21, "Russia Again." It is clearly evident to me that we cannot enjoy the blessings of co-operation without practicing co-operation and that we can learn much from the huge and really noble experiment being tried in Russia. Not that I am at all a Communist, but that I believe in looking at social facts honestly and learning from all sources. The form of government is unimportant and what really counts is the measure of goodwill and intelligence that constitutes the spirit of the people and its rulers. Mr. Carter brought these thoughts to me on reading his article. It is refreshing to find so much truth and clarity.

WOOLSEY MCA. JOHNSON.

### Lèse Majesté

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Providence

SIR—I am sorry the Outlook will fill its pages with such a contemptible article as appears in the April 23rd issue, on such a big man as Professor William Lyon Phelps by a small man.

MRS. F. B. EVANS.

### Prohibition and the Negro

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Raleigh, N. C.

SIR—Very interesting indeed is the article, "Prohibition and the Negro," by Archibald Rutledge, in the Outlook of May 28th—interesting chiefly by reason of the fact that the author, a man of patrician lineage, should see fit to cast a slur on the white people of the South . . .

There is a great deal of truth in what the author has to say about prohibition in the South, reluctantly though this admission has to be made. Possibly he is entirely right in his statements concerning conditions in South Carolina, but I want to enter an emphatic disclaimer as to the presence of such conditions here in North Carolina. There is a great deal of illicit liquor traffic going on in this state, but even at its worst it is not so all-embracing as that described by Mr. Rutledge as obtaining in his native state. It is true that large numbers of the colored people are being corrupted by the evil trade hereabouts, but there are still a few colored people, even, who are endeavoring to observe the mandates of the law.

I want to add in this connection that they are not so fearful of the white man's law, as Mr. Rutledge would have his readers believe.

Possibly we have a different kind of colored people here from those in South Carolina, but certain it is that the most of them entertain no such horror of the "white man's law" as the author says obtains in South Carolina. And taking Mr. Rutledge's own statement as to the Negro's love of strong drink, would he be any better off, if the government were to put its sanction on the open sale of intoxicants?

As to the motives that led the white voters of the South to adopt the idea of prohibition, Mr. Rutledge's statement is nothing less than a slander. Of course, there were some base men who favored prohibition for the Negro and not for themselves, but by far the larger number of those who made prohibition possible in the South were decent, self-respecting people, who had no thought of putting a law on the books that they didn't intend to obey themselves. To agree to what Mr. Rutledge says would be to admit that the mass of the white people of the southern states were nothing less than hypocrites, knaves and scoundrels. That is not true, and Mr. Rutledge knows that it is not true.

There is just as much proof to be given that the colored people of the South are benefiting from the prohibition laws as that they are not.

As for the white people, despite the multitude of surreptitious liquor traffickers, they are better off than they have ever been before. Prohibition has been of material aid to the South, and this aid has not been of the vicious kind that Mr. Rutledge avers.

Despite its many defects in observance and enforcement, the prohibition law has the sanction of the people of the South. To paraphrase the words of Abraham Lincoln, uttered in his famous Bloomington speech just seventy-four years ago today: We of the South and West say to you of the North and East, "We shall not try to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, and you shan't!"

FRED G. MAHLER.

### Straddle?

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Denton, Md.

SIR—in your issue of May 28th Mr. Bellamy asks what Mr. Ford and others will say to the recent statement of Mr. Morrow. What they will say I do not know, but if they desire to speak they can truthfully say that Mr. Morrow has said nothing worth while on the liquor question, but has straddled.

If it had not been demonstrated already, it is obvious that no mere restriction of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants is possible of effective enforcement. We must have absolute prohibition or no restriction at all.

His proposition concerning interstate shipment would be more difficult to enforce than the present law and would cause wholesale multiplication of incidents such as the Virkula affair, unless the patrols shall be armed with lanterns only. No, Mr. Morrow is temporizing and half-hearted and deserves defeat.

WILBERT L. MERRIKEN.

*Editor's Note*—Mr. Merriken has every right to disagree with Mr. Morrow in regard to the possibility of restricting the manufacture, sale and interstate shipment of intoxicants. Disagreement on these subjects does not, however, justify him in accusing Mr. Morrow of straddling the prohibition question. We should like to remind Mr. Merriken that Mr. Morrow is advocating repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

### Liquor and Longevity

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

San Francisco

SIR—Mr. Leonard Worcester adds to the confusion concerning the use of alcohol. When a youngster, my mother always indicated that wine, beer and even spirits—good spirits, French brandy and such like, not Volstead poison—were needful for old people, and on this ground discouraged much use of them by young people. I have known personally twelve nonagenarians, some of them relatives, who never abstained throughout their life, neither were any of them ever drunk. Six were men and six women. Today an Italian senator is well over one hundred and attributes his longevity to reducing his wine to a pint a day after eighty! I am willing to believe that there are total abstainers who have

reached great age, but by some strange coincidence I have never met one. A very dear old lady in San Francisco, recently nearing the century suffered greatly through inability to obtain any aged spirits. I should like to add that Dr. Clarence True Wilson's friends seem ignorantly to confuse wine and beer with alcohol. With equal reason they might confuse lettuce and almonds with opium and prussic acid because they contain those ingredients.

EDGAR SIMPSON.

### "For thy Stomach's Sake"

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Chase City, Va.

SIR—in the wide-spread discussion of the (alleged) "noble experiment" it occurs to the writer that there is certainly one excuse for the fiery zeal of the prohibitionists which has apparently been over-looked, and with which they should be credited; not so much, perhaps, that the consideration of this excuse adds any sort of weight to their argument in favor of prohibition, but by reason of the fact that it may make clear to us just why certain dries who, it would seem to us, should know better, so strongly and radically condemn the very thought of wines and liquors. Some of these persons are by no means of little worth, and their opinions on various subjects undoubtedly carry weight.

Why, then, is it possible that persons of a considerable degree of character and intelligence can be so rabid in their condemnation? More particularly in the South, perhaps, and again in New York and a few eastern localities, there are many persons who cherish fondly and reverently the recollection and tradition of a long line of generous ancestors; gentlefolk who, in many cases, lived well without counting any costs or dreaming of any other way of living, and to whom the pleasures of the table and the wine-cup were unalloyed blessings. There are still many persons who, despite depleted incomes, perhaps, serve with the greatest satisfaction and enjoyment such dinners as are nothing short of a benefaction. Those who know of such things will unhesitatingly agree with Scott's hero (young David of Scotland) when he said to the Sultan Saladin, "He who so useth the gifts of Heaven looketh upon the wine-cup as upon his daily bread; and even he who abuseth it, is not so great a fool in his intoxication as thou in thine abstinence."

It is difficult, indeed, to criticize, to the smallest degree, the knowledge and enjoyment of these gifts of the Creator, or even their occasional abuse, since this is bound to occur at times in the use of all mundane pleasures. Of all the people, those only who attempt to belittle the solid and genial comfort to be derived from good eating and drinking are those poor creatures who know nothing of them, and who are so ignobly wrapped up in material interests, or befogged with Puritanical intolerance . . .

And thus we find the suggested excuse for our desiccated brothers. Has it ever entered your mind, dear dry brothers and sisters, what you have done to the finest and oldest eating-places of this country? Or do you care? Consider the condition of most of the best old clubs of the country. What have you done to them? You may say, "Why they are all running as usual," and so you may think, but you don't know. Many, doubtless, are still doing business, and under the old names, but the "Old Masters" are gone, with all their knowledge of delectable cookery; and the perfect meal, in the United States, is a thing of the past.

F. C. SMITH.

### Noble Men of God

To the Editor of the  
Outlook and Independent:

Columbus

SIR—If the Outlook would tell the truth and publish the facts it would be of some value. But anybody, newspaper or publication that takes sides with the liquor and tobacco interest, look out.

Any newspapers or magazines that try to abuse such men as Rev. True Wilson and Bishop Cannon, are dangerous and unfit to be read by any one. You will not get very far in your abuse against these noble men of God.

I am a Methodist and there are a lot of them too, and we are going to see this country is kept dry.

EUGENE W. MENDENHALL.